

















“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”—*Luke xxiv : 5.*

[By permission of Erastus Dow Palmer.]

*J. M. ...*  
*...*

THE ALBANY

RURAL • CEMETERY

---

ITS BEAUTIES  
ITS MEMORIES

---

*ill*  
BY HENRY P. PHELPS  
*"*

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ALBANY  
PHELPS AND KELLOGG  
AND CHICAGO  
1893

*3-25*  
*1892*



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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*THIS book is the outgrowth of a proposition on the part of the trustees to publish a brief history of the Albany Cemetery Association, including a report of the consecration oration, poem and other exercises.*

*It was suggested that it might be well to attempt something more worthy of the object than a mere pamphlet, and this has been done with a result that must speak for itself.*



*While it would be impracticable to mention here all who have kindly aided in the work, the author desires to express his particular obligations:*

*To Mr. Dudley Olcott, Mr. Erastus D. Palmer, and Mr. Abraham Van Vechten, of the board of trustees, for the interest they have manifested and the encouragement they have given.*

*To Supt. Jeffrey P. Thomas and Mr. John F. Shafer for their valuable assistance.*

*To the Brandow Printing Company for the characteristic care they have bestowed upon the typography and the press-work.*

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HENRY P. PHELPS.

*Brookside avenue, Menands,  
Albany, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1892.*

“ For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,  
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.”  
—*Omar Khayyam.*

## CONTENTS.

	Page
PRELIMINARY . . . . .	16
HISTORICAL . . . . .	31
Hon. D. D. Barnard's Oration . . . . .	50
DESCRIPTIVE . . . . .	85
The South Ridge . . . . .	92
The Middle Ridge . . . . .	169
The North Ridge . . . . .	200
BIBLIOGRAPHY . . . . .	215
INDEX . . . . .	217

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

“Why Seek ye the Living Among the Dead?” Frontispiece	
[By permission of Erastus Dow Palmer.]	
Map of the Albany Rural Cemetery . . . . .	Pages 12-13
	Facing Page
Eastern Entrance . . . . .	16
The Southern Gate . . . . .	24
Head of Consecration Lake . . . . .	32
Lake Tawasentha . . . . .	40
Alfred Billings Street . . . . .	46
[From an old steel engraving.]	
“All these fair grounds with lavish beauties spread, Nature’s sweet charms — we give them to the dead.”	48
Portrait of Hon. Daniel D. Barnard . . . . .	52
[From an old lithograph.]	
On the Tour, west of Summit Ridge . . . . .	56
Near Cypress Water . . . . .	64
Consecration Lake . . . . .	70
Portrait of Rev. Bartholomew T. Welch, D.D. . . . .	72
[From an old and faded photograph.]	
Portrait of Thomas W. Olcott . . . . .	76
Portrait of Erastus Corning . . . . .	80
[From a photograph by Steery.]	
Eastern Lodge and Office . . . . .	86
The Chapel . . . . .	88
The Cascade . . . . .	90



	Facing Page
Religion Consoling Sorrow . . . . .	96
On Ravine Side Way . . . . .	104
Van Vechten . . . . .	112
Douglas L. White . . . . .	116
Gen. Schuyler's Monument . . . . .	120
The Angel of the Sepulchre . . . . .	128
[By permission of Erastus Dow Palmer.]	
Gibbons-Mather . . . . .	134
The Root Family Vault . . . . .	138
Weed-Alden-Barnes . . . . .	140
Van Alstyne . . . . .	142
Masonic Burial Plat . . . . .	143
George C. Cook . . . . .	144
Daniel Manning . . . . .	146
B. W. Wooster . . . . .	150
Western Lodge . . . . .	152
The Angel of Sorrow . . . . .	154
Dyer Lathrop . . . . .	162
William Appleton . . . . .	166
Townsend . . . . .	170
Thomas W. Olcott . . . . .	173
Amasa J. Parker . . . . .	177
Dr. S. B. Ward . . . . .	184
Jesse C. Potts . . . . .	192
John V. L. Pruyn . . . . .	196
The Soldiers' Plat . . . . .	205
The Mills Monument . . . . .	208
The Visscher Vault . . . . .	210







C. A. Hartman

ANSHE EMETH  
CEMETERY

CHURCH GROUNDS

West Cottage

Western Avenue

121

SUNNY SIDE LAWN

SEC  
120  
TULIP HILL

112

SUMMIT RIDGE

105

OAK HILL GROVE  
VIOLET PATH  
MOORENAERS KILL  
WILD FLOWER

106

110

DAISY

109

123

LAWN  
108

LAUREL HILL

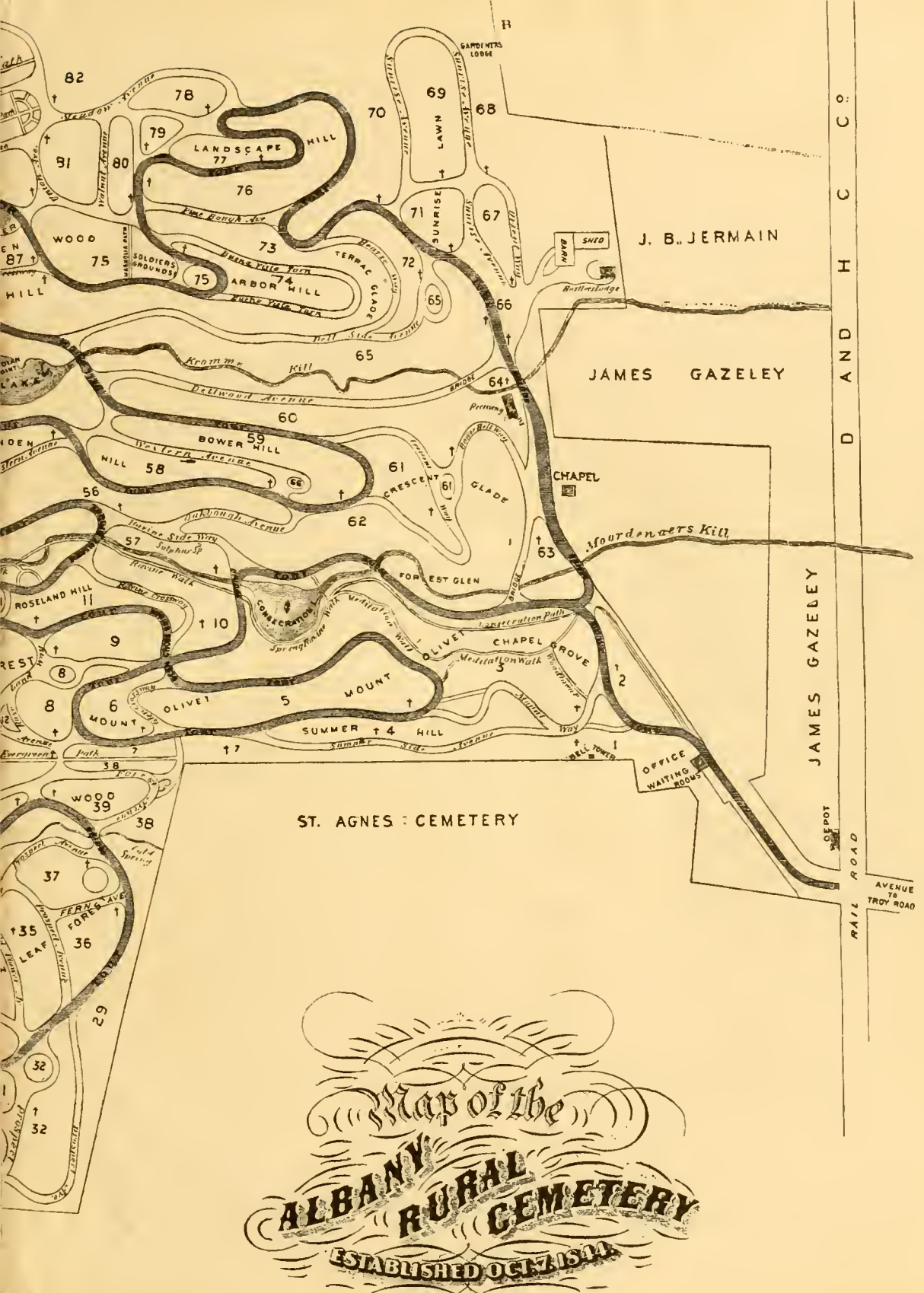
LILLY DALE  
27

CYPRESS HILL  
28

PROSPECT  
30

122

29







THE UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO  
LIBRARY  
JAN 10 1900





The Eastern Entrance.  
[From the Troy road.]



## PRELIMINARY.

THE custom of reverently caring for the remains of the dead, and for the places of their burial, has its origin deep down among the fundamental principles by which human affairs are regulated.

As natural as the love of life itself is the desire to be remembered—at least, as Hamlet, with melancholy sarcasm observes,

——“for half a year!”

Few of us expect our names will outlive centuries; thousands upon thousands care little for epitaph, or monument or posthumous fame of any degree; but he must be something more or less than human who is not made a little happier by the belief, that so long as those he loves survive him, his grave will not be wholly forsaken or neglected.

Thus it is that the powerful motive of self-love prompts, in some degree, the regard which is generally felt for places of sepulchre, and the liberality with which they are embellished and maintained.

Another feeling more creditable to human nature, because less selfish, leads us to hold the graves of our

loved ones in such affection and reverence as we bestow upon no other spot on earth.

Our birth-places, the homes of our childhood, the scenes of early pleasures and early sorrows, places endeared in later life by what we have enjoyed, or made sacred by what we have suffered—all have their own peculiar associations, but none are so deep, so tender or so lasting, as those which cluster around the resting-places of our dead.

Vain is the attempt to reason this sentiment out of existence. It is as old as the race; it has its birth in the affections; it has been nurtured by the poets of all ages, and sanctioned by every religion worthy of the name.

From time immemorial, also, it has been an incentive to patriotism, and next to

"God and your native land,"

has been ranged

—— "the green graves of your sires,"

as a thought with which to strengthen the arm and nerve the heart against the invader of the soil.

Of course, we know that what is deposited in the grave with such loving care is only

—— "an empty sea shell—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;"

that the spirit has fled to God, who gave it; we know that what remains soon becomes terribly the reverse of all that is lovely and attractive—that Mother Earth, in her great and abiding tenderness, hides from us what otherwise would freeze our souls with horror.



And yet, what mother can thus be argued from her darling's grave? She will say with Lowell:

"Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
Your morals most dreadfully true;  
But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,  
I keep hearing that, and not you.

There's a narrow ridge in the churchyard,  
Would scarce stay a child in his race,  
But to me and my thought it is wider  
Than the star sown vague of space."

---

"I believe in the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

The sentence falls daily from the lips of millions, often, perhaps, without thought of its real significance, but it expresses the intellectual belief and spiritual expectation of a vast number who thus avow their creed and their religion. And it is not surprising that to those who accept the literal meaning of the words, the place where reposes the clay which is to be "raised a spiritual body," should possess a peculiarly sacred character; nor that, in spite of the philosophical and sanitary claims of cremation as a means of disposing of the dead, the practice has thus far gained little favor among those who believe in a future for the human body. And it is not merely a coincidence that those who express a desire to become subjects for incineration are almost without exception those who have "outgrown" the belief that anything awaits the body of a human being other than that which awaits the body of a beast.

VERY early in the history of the race did this sentiment lead to the establishment of what we now call cemeteries—how early, we do not know. Of the burial of our first parents, Adam and Eve, there is no authentic account, although tradition, with an eye to poetical effect, places the tomb of Adam upon Calvary. As to what was done with the body of the murdered Abel, the sacred record is silent. Cain built a city, but what became of its dead we can only surmise; and whether the flood swept away sepulchres as well as habitations is also left to our imagination.

The first burial-place of which there is mention in the Bible is the cave of Machpelah, which was bought by Abraham in which to bury Sarah, the wife of his bosom, dead at the age of 127. She died in Kirjath-arba, "the same is Hebron, in the land of Canaan; and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her." Alone and among strangers, the stricken patriarch asked of the sons of Heth possession of a burying-place among them "that I may bury my dead out of my sight." In vain did the sons of Heth offer him choice of their sepulchres; Abraham wanted a place of his own, and selected the cave of Machpelah, which was at the end of the field belonging to Ephron the Hittite. And Ephron offered both field and cave to Abraham, but he would not accept the gift. So Ephron fixed the price at 400 shekels of silver which Abraham weighed to Ephron, "current money with the merchant."

“And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure

“Unto Abraham for a possession, in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city.

“And after this, Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre ; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan.

“And the field, and the cave that is therein, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession of a burying-place by the sons of Heth.”

Further on we read that Sarah's son Isaac, being “comforted after his mother's death,” in the love he felt for his wife Rebekah, whom he brought into his mother's tent ; and after Abraham, already stricken in years, had taken another wife, Keturah, by whom he had six sons, Abraham gave up the ghost and was gathered to his people.

“And his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar the Hittite, which is before Mamre :

“The field which Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth ; there was Abraham buried and Sarah his wife.”

Thus, with curious attention to detail, is given the account of the purchase and establishment of this most famous of early cemeteries in which, surrounded by “all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders, round about,” rested not only Abraham and Sarah, but afterwards Isaac and Rebekah, and where later, as Jacob

said on his deathbed, "I buried Leah" (Rachel, his best beloved wife dying in childbirth and being buried in the way to Ephrath, where Jacob set a pillar on her grave). Finally, at his own solemn request, Jacob, third in this great trio of patriarchs, was buried there, his embalmed body being carried up out of Goshen accompanied by all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, with chariots and horsemen, a very great company.

It was a famous funeral.

---

Notwithstanding this precedent, the descendants of Israel can not be charged with ostentation in their care for the dead, but they have always had public burial grounds, and one of their first duties on arriving in a new country was to select a spot for such purpose outside the city walls. That of Jerusalem was in the valley of Kedron.

The Greeks originally had burial places, but adopted from Phrygia the custom of burning the dead. The Romans practiced both burial and cremation. The ancient Egyptians provided for themselves tombs of great magnificence, in which bodies were deposited after they had been embalmed, often after they had been kept for months in the house of which the deceased had been an inmate.

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The word Cemetery: How many of us stop to think what it signifies? How many of us realize, as did Chrysostom, that the very name, springing from the Greek word meaning "a sleeping place," carries with it always an em-

bodiment of the Christian hope? "For this reason the place is called a cemetery," said the Golden-mouthed Bishop, of the seventh century, "in order that you may learn that those who have finished their course and are laid here, are not dead but 'sleep.'"

It is said (although the authorities do not agree) that the early Christians first erected their churches upon plots of ground where were interred the remains of the holy martyrs, and thus it is surmised grew up the custom of burial in church-yards, and in the churches themselves. The church, deriving a considerable income in the middle ages from burials, inculcated the importance of lying in consecrated ground of which the church had control.

As great cities grew old, as one generation after another passed away and was laid within closely confined limits the natural consequence resulted. The ground was overburdened and over-charged with a surplus of mortality.

In London fifty years ago the condition of the church-yards was scandalous to a degree that justified investigation by a parliamentary committee. We are told:

"The vaults under the pavements of the churches, and the small spaces of open ground surrounding them, were literally crammed with coffins. In many of the buildings the air was so tainted with the products of corruption as to be a direct and palpable source of disease and death to those who frequented them. In the church-yards coffins were placed tier above tier in the graves until they were within a few feet (or sometimes even a few inches) of the surface, and the level of the ground was often raised to the level of the lower windows of the church. To make room for fresh interments the sextons had recourse to the surreptitious removal of bones and partially decayed remains, and in some cases the contents of the graves were systematically transferred to pits adjacent

to the site, the grave-diggers appropriating the coffin plates, handles and nails to be sold as waste metal."

These shameful abuses were finally corrected by the Burial act of 1855, by which the London church-yards, with few exceptions, were closed, and burials within the limits of English cities and towns are now virtually prohibited, or surrounded with such safeguards as to make a repetition of such conditions impossible.

What seems with us a natural right of every individual to six feet of ground is not regarded in some of the countries of continental Europe. For instance: In one of the Naples cemeteries numerous burials are said to take place daily in a series of 365 pits. One pit is opened each day, the dead are laid in it, and it is filled with earth and lime. A year afterward the pit is opened, the contents removed, fresh earth is placed in its stead and the pit is ready for fresh interments, to be disposed of in the same way a year later. The subjects of such hasty treatment are, of course, the poor, and in Paris, although the time the same unfortunate class are permitted to rest undisturbed is longer (five years), at its close all crosses and memorials are removed, the level of the ground is raised four or five feet by fresh earth and interments begin again. For fifty francs a *concession temporaire* for ten years can be obtained, but unless a lot is bought and paid for, no permanent monument can be erected.

In Turkey, on the contrary, it is considered sacrilege to disturb the dead; hence a new grave is always opened for every corpse, and the cemeteries around Constantinople



The Southern Gate.  
[Menands road.]





and other large cities in that country, have become very extensive. The practice of planting by the grave of every Mussulman a cypress has also converted them into dense forests.

A recent writer, says: "The Turks enjoin the Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Franks to plant their cemeteries with other trees, but reserve the cypress exclusively to themselves. The cypress has from early ages been a funeral tree. The ancient Greeks and Romans so considered it, and the Turks, when they entered Europe, adopted it. Its solemn shade, casting 'a dim, religious light' over the tombs it covers; its aromatic resin, exuding from the bark and correcting by its powerful odor the cadaverous smell exhaled from dissolving mortality; and above all, its ever-green and undying foliage, exhibiting an emblem of the immortal part when the body has mouldered into dust and perished—all these have recommended it to the Mussulman and made it the object of his peculiar care. It is an oriental practice to plant a tree at the birth and another at the death of any member of the family. When one, therefore, is deposited in the earth the surviving relatives place a cypress at the foot of the grave, and the pious son, whose birth his father had commemorated by a platanus, is now seen carefully watering the young tree which is to preserve the undying recollection of his parent.

"The cemetery of Scutari in Asia, at the mouth of the Bosphorus, is the most striking and extensive in the Turkish empire. It stretches up an inclined plane, clothing it with its dark foliage like a vast pall thrown over the de-

parted. It extends nearly four miles, and is pierced by various avenues. Such is its size that it is said the area it encloses would supply the city with corn, and the stones which mark its graves would rebuild the walls."

The cemetery of Pisa in Italy, called the Campo Santo, has given the name to burial grounds throughout that country. It is a court 490x170 feet, surrounded by arcades of marble sixty feet high, adorned with sculpture and paintings. In its centre is a mound of earth said to have been brought from Palestine during the crusades.

The constituent assembly of France passed an act in 1791, prohibiting interments within the limits of cities, and in 1804 Père Lachaise (then outside the city of Paris) was authorized. It is considered the prototype of the garden cemeteries of Western Europe, and is one of the show places of the gay city, not only on account of the eminent dead who are buried within its 200 acres, but because its hills and valleys are covered with every variety of memorial architecture, numbering in all some 16,000. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in speaking of this and other similar cemeteries, says :

"A cemetery at home suggests awkward possibilities; but nothing of the kind occurs to you in rambling through a foreign burial ground. You wander along the serpentine walk as you stroll through a picture gallery. You as little think of adding a mound to the one as you would of contributing a painting to the other. You survey the monoliths and the bas-reliefs, and the urns and the miniature Athenian temples from the stand-point of an unbiased

spectator who has paid his admittance fee, and expects some entertainment or instruction. Some of the pleasantest hours I passed in sight-seeing were spent in graveyards."

While this feeling or want of feeling may, in part, be due to the fact that the indifferent spectator has

"no friend, no brother there,"

it is no doubt prompted, in some degree, by the spectacular effects of these "garden cemeteries," an improvement on the crowded church-yards, but yet lacking the characteristics which make the rural cemeteries of America the most appropriate of all places wherein the dead await the resurrection.

The dangers to health that may arise from cemeteries is a theme much dwelt upon by some writers, sensational and otherwise, but the general opinion is, that perils from this source have been greatly over-rated. They are alleged to spring from three sources: Air pollution from gases generated by decaying animal matter; water pollution from drainage into wells and other sources of supply, and infection in case of the re-opening of graves of those who had died of contagious diseases. There are no facts at hand to show that where cemeteries have been well kept, any such trouble has resulted. The earth itself is a wonderful purifier, and while caution is always desirable and necessary, particularly in relation to the purity of a potable water supply, the dangers from a well-ordered cemetery are so remote as to be considered almost wholly imaginary.

**I**F the earth were to last forever or had always existed in its present condition ; if, as Goethe has pointed out, there were no law to prevent trees from growing into the sky ; if there were no glacial periods, no sun spots, no overturning of the general order, we could imagine the world itself becoming in time — or rather in eternity — one great cemetery, and all the dust upon its bosom to have been animated with human life. The poets have found this a favorite idea, as witness Omar Khayyam, the astronomer poet of Persia, speaking through his interpreter Edward Fitzgerald (or *vice versa*, as some believe):

“ I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;  
That every hyacinth the garden wears  
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

“ And this reviving herb whose tender green  
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean —  
Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows  
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen?

“ Then to the lip of this poor earthen urn  
I lean'd, the secret of my life to learn :  
And lip to lip it murmur'd — ‘ While you live,  
Drink ! — for, once dead, you never shall return.’

“ I think the vessel, that with fugitive  
Articulation answer'd, once did live,  
And drink ; and ah ! the passive lip I kiss'd,  
How many kisses might it take — and give !

“ For I remember stopping by the way  
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay :  
And with its all-obliterated tongue  
It murmur'd — ‘ Gently, brother, gently, pray !’

" Listen — a moment listen! — Of the same  
 Poor earth from which that human whisper came  
 The luckless mould in which mankind was cast  
 They did compose, and call'd him by the name.

" And not a drop that from our cups we throw  
 For earth to drink of, but may steal below  
 To quench the fire of anguish in some eye  
 There hidden — far beneath, and long ago."

Eight centuries later the young author of "Thanatopsis," who probably had never heard of Omar, made much the same thought the keynote of sublime contemplation:

" The hills,  
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
 The venerable woods; rivers that move  
 In mystery, and the complaining brooks,  
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man!

" The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom.

" Take the wings  
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
 Save its own dashings,—yet the dead are there!  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!"







## HISTORICAL.

THE old year, 1840, was dying on the night (December 31) that a meeting of the citizens of Albany was held in the Young Men's Association rooms, in the Exchange building, corner of State street and Broadway, on the site of the present post-office, to take into consideration the propriety and importance of purchasing a plat of ground for a new public cemetery.

It had been a good year for Albany, during which there had been both a hopeful feeling and substantial progress, as was the case in the succeeding years when the project was agitated till it became an established fact. The importance of the city as a shipping centre was receiving attention. The year in which the Cemetery was dedicated 47 steamboats, 65 tow-boats, 245 schooners and 411 sloops plied in and out of the port of Albany. The Mohawk & Hudson railway, despite the active opposition of the stage coach line to Schenectady (which some days carried from 200 to nearly 300 passengers) was a pronounced success; the Western railroad had opened the way to Boston, and also formed a winter route to New York via Hartford and New Haven, capable of traverse in 32

hours without night travel; 250 brick buildings from two to five stories high were erected in one year; the old South Market had given way to the present Steamboat landing; Stanwix hall was opened as a hotel; the Delavan was under way; there were 28 churches and four more building. Altogether the city of 35,000 inhabitants was vital with enterprise and enthusiasm.

The living were doing well enough; it was time to think of the dead. Reform, or at least, progress in mortuary affairs was the order of the day. Very likely the attention paid to the subject in England about this time had something to do with arousing public interest in the United States. Boston had taken the lead in 1831 by the consecration at Cambridge of "Sweet Auburn;" Green-Wood, near Brooklyn, was incorporated, but not yet opened; Spring Grove, Cincinnati, one of the largest and most picturesque cemeteries in the United States, was opened in 1845. In 1846 the list of Rural cemeteries in this country also included Laurel Hill, Philadelphia; Green Mount, Baltimore; Mount Hope, Rochester, and cemeteries at Salem and Springfield, Mass.

In December, 1840, Rev. Bartholomew T. Welch, D.D., pastor of what was known as the Pearl street, and now as the Emmanuel Baptist church, preached a sermon in which the necessity for better accommodations in this respect was clearly set forth.

For 150 years the city's dead had found no abiding rest. The first interments were made near old Fort Orange, in the vicinity of the present steamboat square. Then



At the Head of Consecration Lake.



following the church edifice, the dead were buried at the juncture of State street and Broadway. Later the popular place of interment was between Beaver and Hudson streets, around the Middle Dutch church (between Pearl and Green), where the dead were packed in a manner wholly inexcusable. From 1722 to 1759 the records give a list of 1,759 burials here, and it is said that the coffins, closely compacted side by side, lay one above another, three deep. About 1789 the place was abandoned, and a burial lot established west of Eagle, south of State. For over a century the Lutherans buried their dead west of South Pearl street where now stands the City building and Proctor's Albany theatre; the First Presbyterian church had a burial ground on a plat bounded by Hudson, Grand, William and Beaver streets, and there were or had been other places of interment in various parts of the city, including the Colonie burial ground on Ten Broeck, between Second and Third streets, at this time in a most deplorable condition, coffins and bones being exposed to view by reason of excavations near there. The largest and most important cemetery, however, was west of Knox street, south of State, on ground now a part of Washington park. This cemetery was opened in 1806, and was divided among the different religious denominations; but it was not adequate, and the movement started by the Rev. Dr. Welch was begun none too soon. His sermon was repeated December 27, by request; the newspapers took up the subject and gave editorial notice of the meeting which, we learn from the *Argus* files, was well

attended. It was held pursuant to the following call:

The citizens of Albany are invited to attend a public meeting to be held at the Lecture room of the Young Men's Association, in the Exchange, to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at seven o'clock, to take into consideration the propriety and importance of purchasing a plat of ground for a new public cemetery, on a plan similar to the cemetery at Mount Auburn. Albany, December 30, 1840.

J. L. Rathbone,	J. N. Campbell,
W. B. Sprague,	E. P. Prentice,
Thos. W. Olcott,	John N. Wilder,
Elihu Russell,	Julius Rhoades,
R. Forsyth,	E. W. Skinner,
Lewis Benedict,	Wm. Stead,
Christopher Hepinstall,	John M. Newton,
A. M. Strong,	Wm. W. Forsyth,
James Kidd,	Wm. Fowler,
Wm. Crapo, Jr.,	Friend Humphrey & Co.,
A. D. Patchin,	W. W. Tredway,
Seth Hastings,	A. Crittenton,
Jno. L. Schoolcraft,	Clark Durant,
Saml. M. Woodruff,	Thurlow Weed,
Rufus H. King,	E. E. Kendrick,
Geo. Dexter,	Moses Patten,
S. Cobb,	Ellis Baker,
Salem Dutcher,	Arch'd Campbell,
James Taylor,	Ira Harris,
A. Marvin,	Abm. Stratton,



Agur Wells,	Wm. G. Dey Ermand,
Theodore Olcott,	John W. Ford,
John Gott,	*S. O. Shepard,
N. Bleecker, Jr.,	A. H. Root,
Gregory & Co.,	James P. Boyd,
H. R. Phelps,	*C. M. Jenkins,
Peter Boyd,	Rich'd Van Rensselaer,
R. W. Peckham,	W. A. Wharton,
Oliver Steele,	W. S. & E. C. McIntosh,
Henry Rawls,	*A. Van Vechten,
*John H. Bogart,	W. Thorburn,
R. Shepherd,	A. R. Speer,
Wm. Watson,	Wm. Nettle,
James Anderson,	Robt. Hunter,
Galen Bacheldor,	Wm. Watson,
Daniel Powers,	John V. S. Hazard,
Isaac Hempsted,	Samuel Pratt,
Rufus K. Viele,	Peter Wendell,
Abram Pittinger,	Wm. H. Fondey,
Wm. Adams,	Orlando Meads,
Lansing Pruyn,	Henry Bleecker,
Ralph Johnson,	J. C. Van Schoonhoven,
C. Ten Broeck,	Herman Wendell,
S. V. Talcott,	S. Van Vechten,
C. B. Lansing,	M. M. Van Alstyne,
R. H. Pruyn,	B. T. Welch,
T. M. Burt,	C. T. Francis,
J. L. Hodge,	E. Croswell,

\* These only are known to be living.



I. N. Wyckoff,	Wm. E. Bleecker,
Thos. L. Willard,	Philip Phelps,
A. Blair,	Charles Van Benthuyzen,
G. M. Stevens,	Robt. Elliot,
Geo. C. Merrifield,	N. Northrop,
Wm. C. Hall,	F. Platto,
B. P. Staats,	Lyman Philleo,
John D. Hewson,	Hall & McClure,
N. Levings,	John T. Hall,
John Knower,	James Goold,
Frederick Yates,	Chas. N. Bleecker,
Gideon Hawley,	Thomas Wright,
E. R. Satterlee,	Daniel Peck,
Wm. P. Warner,	John T. Cooper,
Jonah C. Boynton.	

On motion of Lewis Benedict, Archibald McIntyre was called to the chair; and on motion of Bradford R. Wood, Ira Harris was appointed secretary.

On motion of Teunis Van Vechten, the chair appointed as a committee to propose resolutions for the consideration of the meeting: Teunis Van Vechten, Amos Dean, Marcus T. Reynolds, Thomas W. Olcott, Gerrit V. Lansing and Lewis Benedict. The committee having retired, reported the following resolutions which, on motion of Rev. Dr. Potter, seconded by Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, a settled conviction has been for some time entertained on the part of the citizens of Albany, that the places at present in use for the interment of the dead are, from the nature of the soil,

disadvantageous situation, and for other reasons, wholly inadequate to answer fully the purposes such places should be designed to accomplish; Therefore,

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, suitable measures should be immediately taken to procure and properly prepare grounds for a new cemetery somewhere in the vicinity of the city of Albany.

*Resolved*, That among the indications of an enlightened age, we hail with peculiar pleasure the attempts so successfully made and making to accomplish through the repose of the dead, high moral purposes beneficial to the living, and that we cordially unite in the earnest hope that the citizens of Albany may feel deeply and effectively all the advantages derived from this solemn and interesting source of pure and true instruction.

*Resolved*, That with a view to the accomplishment of such purposes, a location for a cemetery should be selected having grounds sufficiently extensive for that purpose; so elevated as to afford a bold and enlivening prospect; possessing a proper soil, and presenting facilities that will enable Art to remedy whatever Nature may have left defective, and to invest with attractive beauties, and with life's stirring activities, the ever hallowed homes where repose in silence and in solitude the ashes of son and sire, of those who have been the subject of parental solicitude, of filial respect, of paternal regard and of conjugal affection.

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed whose special duty it shall be to ascertain whether a suitable place for a cemetery can be obtained in the vicinity of Albany, and upon what terms; what probable expense would be incurred in fitting it for that purpose; to suggest some plan or principle of organization which, in their judgment, will be the best calculated to carry fully into effect the measures that may be adopted, and that said committee make their report to a meeting to convene on this subject at some future time.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Welch, the number of the committee was fixed at thirteen; and the chair named the following gentlemen:

B. T. Welch, Stephen Van Rensselaer, John A. Dix,

John Q. Wilson, James Horner, Anthony M. Strong, Peter Gansevoort, Thomas W. Olcott, Ezra P. Prentice, John I. Wendell, Ellis Baker, Ira Harris, Otis Allen.

After remarks by Rev. Dr. Potter and Rev. Dr. Wyckoff the meeting adjourned to the call of the committee.

There is no further record in the newspapers of their proceedings, but it is evident that the preliminary steps were taken without delay, for the Albany Cemetery Association was incorporated, by act of the legislature, April 2, 1841.

The search for eligible sites was conducted with much care and with excellent judgment. Among those considered was the elevated land east of Greenbush, a most slightly and commanding situation which, if selected for this purpose, would ever have kept in view, if not in thought of resident Albanians their final resting place. The bill before the legislature was originally drafted so as to admit of such a choice, but the great bridge fight was on that winter, Albany contesting for, and Troy against, what finally proved neither to help the one, nor injure the other; and as it was feared the cemetery project might be compromised by such a provision, the Greenbush clause was stricken out with the consent of all parties, and the bill became a law (chapter 115, Laws of 1841). It names as the incorporators, Archibald McIntyre, B. T. Welch, Stephen Van Rensselaer, John A. Dix, John Q. Wilson, James Horner, Anthony M. Strong, Peter Gansevoort, Thomas W. Olcott, Ezra P. Prentice, John I. Wendell, Ellis Baker, and Ira Harris. The association was origin-

ally allowed to hold 200 acres (afterward, 1869, increased to 500).

Three years passed by. What caused the delay does not now appear, but the 20th of April, 1844, is the date on which the site was finally selected. The next public announcements were the following notices in the newspapers :

#### ALBANY CEMETERY.

The trustees respectfully apprise the citizens of Albany that the beautiful grounds recently purchased for the Albany Cemetery, are nearly prepared for consecration, and will be dedicated to God and the repose of the dead, on Monday, October 7, at 2 P. M. Oration by Hon. D. D. Barnard. His Excellency the Governor, and state officers, his Honor the Mayor, and Corporation, the Young Men's Association, the Military, the Fire Department, the various Civic and Benevolent associations, and citizens generally, are cordially invited to participate in the interesting services of the occasion. The citizens of neighboring towns and cities who feel an interest in the object contemplated are respectfully invited to unite in the consecration.

A beautiful design of an appropriate gate by Messrs. Kirkwood & Adams, may be examined at the bookstore of Weare C. Little & Co., State street.

B. T. WELCH, }  
T. W. OLCOTT, } *Committee.*

September 25, 1844.

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#### ALBANY CEMETERY.

The Committee beg to renew their cordial invitation to all our citizens indiscriminately, to unite in the services of consecration. Gen. King will officiate as Marshal, and will announce the arrangements for the Military, the different Societies, Governor, Senators, State Officers, etc., etc.

The Trustees of the Cemetery, the Rev. Clergy of all denominations, the gentlemen who will deliver the address and the poem,

and all the editors of the city press, are requested to meet at the Albany Female academy at 10 o'clock, Monday morning.

The request is particularly extended to the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, who, judging from the number at rehearsal, will exceed 300.

The procession will move at 10 A. M., and services may be expected to commence on the ground at about 12 o'clock. There will be a postponement to the first fair day if the weather is unfavorable on Monday.

B. T. WELCH, }  
T. W. OLCOTT, } *Committee.*

#### CONSECRATION OF THE ALBANY CEMETERY.

##### ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

The following order is published for the information and government of the several Military Companies, Civic Societies and Associations who propose to unite in the ceremonies of the day.

The Military Companies under their respective officers, will form in Broadway between Maiden Lane and Exchange street, the right resting on Maiden Lane. The Fire Department will assemble on North Pearl street, and will be drawn up against the eastern sidewalk, with their right at State street corner. The various Civic and Benevolent Societies and Associations will assemble in State street, on the north side with the right at the corner of North Pearl street. The invited guests will assemble at the Female academy in North Pearl street.

The procession will be put in motion at 10 o'clock precisely, and the different Military Companies and Civic Associations are requested to be at their respective places of rendezvous at half-past 9 o'clock at the latest.

The procession will be formed in the following order:





Lake Tawasentha.





The Albany Republican Artillery.  
 The Van Rensselaer Guards.  
 The Emmet Guards.  
 The Washington Rifle Corps.  
*Military and Civic Associations.*  
 Officers of the U. S. Army and Navy and Military Associations.  
 Orator of the Day.  
 Revolutionary Officers and Soldiers in Carriages.  
 The Rev. Clergy.  
 The Executive of State.  
 The Common Council preceded by its Officers,  
 Sheriff and his Officers.  
 Heads of Departments of State, Chancellor.  
 Court of Errors, Judges of U. S., State and County Courts, preceded by their  
 Marshals.  
 The Albany Burgesses Corps.  
 The Fire Department in the usual order.  
 St. Andrews Society.  
 Mechanics Benefit Society.  
 Hibernian Provident Society.  
 Hibernian Benevolent Burial Society.  
 Hibernian Benevolent Society.  
 St. Patrick's Society.  
 Shamrock Society.  
 Montgomery Benevolent Society.  
 Montgomery Beneficial Society.  
 The Odd Fellows' Associations.  
 The Temperance Societies.  
 Citizens and Strangers.

Any associations not named above will have a place assigned to them in the procession on signifying to the Marshal their desire to unite in the ceremonies of the consecration.

The procession will move through State, North Pearl, and Patroon streets to Broadway, up Broadway to the northern bounds of the city, and thence along the Troy road to the grounds designed for the Cemetery.

RUFUS KING, *Marshal.*

ALBANY, October 4, 1844.

THE only account extant of the consecration is that published in the *Albany Argus*, October 8, and republished the same day in the *Albany Journal*. It is as follows :

The ceremonial of the consecration of the grounds selected by the Albany Cemetery Association, for a general place of burial, took place yesterday, agreeably to the published arrangements. The civic and religious ceremonies were all appropriate, impressive, happily conceived and most happily carried out by the gentlemen to whose hands the duty was confided, and were in admirable adaptation to an occasion which will be memorable in the history of our ancient but steadily advancing metropolis.

The very great concourse of citizens who visited the grounds on the occasion—the large number of ladies—the general turnout of military companies, firemen and civic associations—were in themselves encouraging indications of the general interest felt in the success of this important undertaking—and, we are sure, may be regarded as an earnest of a determination among all sects and classes of our citizens to unite cordially in carrying out to a successful issue, one of the greatest public enterprises of which our city can boast.

Our sketch of the ceremonies on the occasion, which terminated at half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, must necessarily be hurried and meagre—and we have to regret that a matter of such high local interest to all

classes of our people, must necessarily receive but a passing notice.

The procession formed in North Pearl street, in front of the Female academy—(to which our citizens are indebted for the original poems sung on the occasion)—chiefly in carriages, under the escort of the Albany Republican Artillery, the Van Rensselaer Guards, the Emmet Guards and the Washington Riflemen, (a German corps)—preceded by a fine band of music. The front carriages contained the officiating and resident Clergy, the Orator and Poet, the Mayor and Common Council of the city. Then followed a long train of carriages, with ladies—and next, a very large procession on foot—consisting of the Albany Burgesses Corps in uniform, with a band of music—Engine companies, numbers Two and Five, in uniform—Hook and Ladder company, number One, in uniform, preceded by a large and effective band from Providence, R. I.—next Engine company, number Seven, numerous, in citizens' dresses, uniform and appropriate, preceded by the Lothian band, (the unsurpassed band from the city of New York, numbering some twenty-one pieces)—Engine company, number Nine, in uniform, and a large concourse of citizens. The procession moved up Pearl street to Broadway, and through Broadway, by the Troy road, to the grounds. This fine road, before and during the passage of the procession, was literally lined with carriages and persons on foot, on their way to the grounds, about three miles from the city.

The duties of Marshal were well discharged by Gen.

RUFUS KING, assisted by several gentlemen. The Rev. Dr. WELCH and T. W. OLCOTT, Esq., were the efficient committee of arrangement.

The place selected and prepared for the ceremonial, was in one of those secluded and beautiful spots with which the location abounds—being a level but irregular space of about half an acre, enclosed on the south by an abrupt and thinly-wooded hill. On the north, hills of a less elevation enclosed the area, and nearly through the centre runs a clear stream of water, which even at this season of the year, holds on its course, and is indeed perennial. Upon this area, were temporary seats, skirting the foot of the hill on the south, and admirably arranged all over it to command a view of the staging from which the speakers were to address the multitude.

Long before the procession reached the ground, these seats were occupied—hundreds having preceded the train, and the larger portion of them ladies, and taken possession. The scene presented, as the escort came up and opened for the passage of the procession, was indescribable. The solemn, dirge-like music—the heavy measured tread and gay uniform of the military and firemen—the gorgeous foliage, which at this season distinguishes our rural scenery—the romantic wildness of the place itself—and the large concourse assembled—all conspired to give to the scene an impressive and sublime character.

The military, firemen, ladies and citizens having taken the positions assigned them—and nothing could exceed

the order and decorum with which everything was done — the full and rich harmonies of one of the best bands to which we ever listened, gave place to the vocal music from a choir of several hundred singers, who, under the lead of Mr. R. PACKARD, sang in full chorus, the following hymn, written by Miss SARAH McDONALD, of the Female Academy, to the tune of Rosseau's Dream:

## HYMN.

Holy Father! wilt thou hearken,  
 To the songs we now would raise —  
 Lowly, solemn would we have them,  
 Breathing words of sweetest praise;  
 Praise, that thou hast granted to us,  
 This fair spot wherein to lay  
 The loved forms of those whose spirits  
 From our earth have passed away.

Praise, that 'mid the leaves and blossoms,  
 They may take their dreamless sleep;  
 Praise, that we, sad, weary mourners,  
 Have a fitting place to weep:  
 Here our feet shall love to linger,  
 Here our hands delight to train  
 Flowers that, though on graves they flourish,  
 Will not bloom, nor fade in vain.

For a floweret's faintest whisper,  
 Of a better land doth speak —  
 Of a land where sorrow comes not,  
 Where no tears course down the cheek,  
 And its dying accents murmur,  
 Pine not, though fond ties are riven —  
 For each flower on earth that fadeth,  
 Fairer, brighter blooms in heav'n.

Holy Father! wilt thou hearken,  
 To the prayer we now would raise?  
 Grant that when our days are numbered,  
 We may join the songs of praise,  
 Sung by saints and shining seraphs,  
 Round thine everlasting throne —  
 Grant that in those blissful mansions,  
 We may meet all — ALL our own.

The Rev. Dr. POHLMAN came forward and read from the 23d chapter of Genesis, commencing at the 2d verse.

Then followed another hymn from the choir—which was admirably sung to the tune with which all ears associate the words, —

“I would not live alway, I ask not to stay.”

The Rev. Mr. PHILLIPS then read from the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, commencing at the 20th verse.

The Consecrating Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, was highly appropriate and impressive, and was listened to with reverent and profound attention.

The following Hymn, written by Miss A. D. WOODBRIDGE, of the Female Academy, was then sung by the choir:

This holy ground beneath our feet,  
These gently sloping hills above,  
These silent glades and valleys sweet,  
Shall be the home of those we love.

Above their couch shall flow'rets bloom —  
Dear, precious flowers, that droop and die,  
'Tis fit that ye should wreath the tomb,  
Where those we best have loved, shall lie.

But they shall wake when o'er the earth  
Time's last receding wave shall roll;  
Shall share in an immortal birth,  
The changeless spring-time of the soul.

Then let us learn to bear aright  
 Life's weary weight of pain and care,  
 Till, with our heavenly home in sight,  
 This last and dreamless couch we share.

Oh! let us see thy glory here,  
 Our Father! and we'll kiss the rod;  
 We leave ourselves, and all most dear,  
 With Thee, our Saviour and our God!



ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.  
 [From an old steel engraving.]

The Poem, by A. B. STREET, Esq., was pronounced, as follows:—

When life's last breath has faintly ebb'd away,  
 And naught is left but cold unconscious clay,  
 Still doth Affection bend in anguish deep,  
 O'er the pale brow to fondly gaze and weep.  
 What tho' the soul hath soar'd in chainless flight,  
 Round the spurn'd frame still plays a sacred light,  
 A hallow'd radiance never to depart,  
 Pour'd from its solemn source, the stricken heart.



Not to the air should then be given the dead,  
Not to the flame, nor yet cold ocean's bed,  
But to the earth — the earth from whence it rose,  
There should the frame be left to its repose,

There the great Mother guards her holy trust,  
Spreads her green mantle o'er the sleeping dust :  
There glows the sunshine — there the branches wave,  
And birds yield song, flowers fragrance round the grave,  
There oft to hold communion do we stray,  
There droops our mourning memory when away,  
And e'en when years have pass'd, our homeward feet  
Seek first with eager haste that spot to greet,  
And the fond hope lives ever in our breast  
When death too claims us, there our dust shall rest.

All these fair grounds with lavish beauties spread,  
Nature's sweet charms — we give them to the dead;  
Those swelling uplands, whence the raptured sight  
Drinks in the landscape smiling rich and bright,  
Woodlands and meadows, trees and roofs and rills,  
The glittering river, and the fronting hills;  
That nestling dell, with bowery limbs o'erhead,  
And this its brother opening to the tread,  
Each with its naiad tripping low along,  
Striving to hide, but freely offering song;  
Those old deep woods, where Nature wild and rude,  
Has built a throne for musing solitude,  
Where sunshine scarce finds way to shrub and moss,  
And lies the fractured trunk the earth across,  
These winding paths that lead the wandering feet,  
Through minster-aisles and arbors dim and sweet,  
To soothe thy discord into harmony,  
Oh solemn, solemn Death, we dedicate to thee.

Here will his steps the mourning husband bend,  
With sympathising Nature for his friend;  
In the low murmur of the pine, he'll hear  
The voice that once was music to his ear;



"All these fair grounds with lavish beauties spread,  
Nature's fair charms — we give them to the dead."



In the light waving of the bough, he'll view  
The form that sunshine once around him threw.  
As the reft mother threads each leafy bower,  
Her infant's looks will smile from every flower;  
Its laugh will echo in the warbling glee  
Of every bird that flits from tree to tree:  
In the dead trunk, laid prostrate by the storm,  
The child will see its perish'd parent's form;  
And in the sighing of the evening breath,  
Will hear those faltering tones late hush'd in death.

Through these branch'd paths will Contemplation wind,  
And grave wise Nature's teachings on his mind;  
As the white grave-stones glimmer to his eye,  
A solemn voice will thrill him, "*thou* must die;"  
When Autumn's tints are glittering in the air,  
That voice will whisper to his soul "prepare;"  
When Winter's snows are spread o'er knoll and dell,  
"Oh this is death," that solemn voice will swell;  
But when with Spring, streams leap and blossoms wave,  
"Hope, Christian, hope," 'twill say, "there's life beyond the grave."

Music followed from one of the bands on the ground  
—a solemn, funereal strain—in harmony with the vein of  
sentiment which ran through Mr. STREET'S admirable  
poem.





## ADDRESS,

BY THE

HON. D. D. BARNARD.

---

THIS, my friends, is an occasion and ceremony of most uncommon and affecting interest. We have sought out a pleasant habitation for the dead; and having chosen our ground, and secured its possession, we come now to dedicate and devote it solemnly to their use forever. With appropriate ceremonies, with religious rites, with consecrating prayer, we come now to set apart this ground to be their separate dwelling-place as long as time shall last. The purchase is ours, the inheritance belongs to them. The living make the acquisition, but only as a sacred trust; the dead shall possess it altogether. By significant legal forms it is already "made sure for the possession of a burying-place;" and now by other forms, more significant and more sacred, in a solemn assembly, by solemn invocation to men and angels as our witnesses, standing on the soil which we thus appropriate, beneath the spreading canopy of the listening Heavens, and in the awful presence of God, we declare and pronounce—in the name and



behalf of all, as authorized and required by the part assigned me in this ceremonial, I declare and pronounce—that henceforward, and for all time to come, this ground belongs not to the living, but to the dead!

This, indeed, is, or may be, a dedication to ourselves, as well as to others. Here we expect to bury our friends; and here we expect our friends will bury us. In the impressive business of this day, we assist, in some sort, at our own obsequies. We choose, so far as the choice depends on ourselves, this field for our last resting place; and we anticipate the time when we shall make our bed in the dust of this field. We set apart and consecrate here a place for ourselves, along with others; and we seem, in a manner, to “come aforehand to anoint our bodies to the burying.” Our language is, “bury us not in Egypt; we will lie with our kindred;” and we make beforehand a becoming preparation for our repose by the side of graves which, before us or after us, they will occupy. Wherever death may overtake us, in any temporary absence from the chosen city of our abode, if such should be our lot, we anticipate that the last sigh of the sinking spirit will be—“Thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in *their* burying-place.”

But by whomsoever occupied, by ourselves or others, or by others with ourselves, this ground must be in possession of the dead, and of the dead alone. The living can not occupy the earth exclusively—space must be yielded for the dead. As fast as we can count men die, and their bodies must rest somewhere in the ground—such, at least,

as are not consumed by fire, or swallowed up in the sea. Wherever the custom of inhumation prevails, as it does amongst Christians, and very extensively elsewhere, land must be appropriated for their use and occupation. Where it is not thus appropriated, and appropriated liberally, the dead are defrauded. They are entitled to their share of the earth, by what seems an original and authoritative designation of the uses to which it should be subject. "Thou shalt return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken." The living must possess and subdue the earth; but a fair portion of it is the true inheritance of the dead.

From various causes they have not always had their just share of the land. Sometimes they have been sunk in deep waters. Sometimes they have been reduced to ashes by fire, that the reliques might be kept without the necessity of assigning to them much space for their preservation. This was the custom of the Romans in some periods of their history, and was a very ancient practice among the Greeks. Sometimes they have been huddled together in barrows and cairns, or in grottoes and catacombs. The subterranean quarries of Paris, have been made the receptacle of the remains of three millions of human beings, and the eternal tramp of the thronged city is above them. In Naples, at this day, the dead, out of number, are thrown in undistinguished heaps into vast charnel-pits. Oftentimes, where the practice of interments has prevailed, there has been a revolting haste in terminating the tenancy of the body in the narrow strip of ground



which it has been allowed to occupy. It is often covered with consuming substances. And, without any factitious aids to hasten decay and decomposition, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, by far the larger number of graves are held for the term of five and six years only. At the end of this brief period, new tenants come into possession. It is difficult to say where the dead have received



HON. DANIEL D. BARNARD.  
[From a lithograph in possession of his daughter,  
Miss S. W. Barnard, of Albany.]

the greatest wrong; whether in practices of this sort, or in some customs of an opposite tendency. The superstitions of the ancient Egyptians led to an attempt to preserve the bodies of the dead from decay; and the state of the arts enabled them to succeed. The dead of three thousand years ago are seen in our day.

In another way the dead have been deprived of sepulture, by a practice the most absurd and revolting. In our own times, cadaveries may be seen, sometimes comprising many hundreds of desiccated bodies, sitting in ghastly mockery of life, dressed in gay attire, and tricked off with glittering ornaments, or bearing the symbols of earthly rank, authority, or command!

In all these cases, and many more like them that might be adverted to, it seems to me, a great wrong has been done—a wrong both to the dead and the living. “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” This is the decree, and is it not at once a doom and a promise? “Bury me”—that is the natural request of the dying, breathed with the last breath. “The earth is the mother of us all—and now that I must die, let me go back to my mother. I would not be burned. I would not, if it can be avoided, be cast into the sea. Above all, do not attempt, by any process, or for any object, to keep me long above ground, or accessible to the living, after I am dead. But bury me—lay me in the earth—if possible, on some retired and pleasant spot, and near to those whom I have loved in life—at any rate, bury me, and let me thus return to the dust, out of which I was taken.” This I say is natural. This is what men *feel* while in life, and especially when they come to die. It is sentiment, if you will; but, to my mind, it is better than a conclusion found by reasoning on the matter. Sentiment, gushing warm from the heart, is often better and wiser than the cold deductions of our reason. Sentiment makes a part of us, just as the conscience does, and we should be wretched creatures enough without it. And, on this subject particularly, mere argumentation would be sadly out of place. In truth, there is nothing in it to argue about, and every attempt of the sort has ended, and will always end, in nothing better than crude speculation. When the heart is appealed to and not the understanding, on matters in which

sentiment and the feelings decide—like those in which the conscience decides—there is little difference between the wisdom of one man and the wisdom of another. Here men are brought very near the same level, as they are in the grave. All the sneers of the cynics, and all the speculations of philosophers of all schools, have not been able to weaken the sentiment which the mass of mankind entertain and cherish, that the bosom of the genial earth is the just and proper place for the last repose of their decaying bodies, and that it is not unbecoming or unwise in them, to take some thought and feel some anxiety about it. Plato and Pliny, Socrates and Solon, are no authority for them on such a matter—and least of all is Diogenes. What we know is, that this feeling, which prompts the common desire of the fainting heart, that our lifeless bodies may be laid away in the earth, in some quiet and secure place of sepulture, with respectful observances—that this feeling, if it be not reason, or the result of reason, is at least consonant with reason, and not opposed by any thing which reason or conscience, truth, religion or duty can suggest. And this is enough—enough for mortal men, who ought to be touched with a feeling of becoming humility when dealing with a subject which the great God and Father of us all has much more to do with than we have, or can have. He has said that we shall return unto the ground; and that may well be our humble desire, when we have done with life.

No mode of disposing of the dead has ever prevailed, at any period of time, or in any quarter of the world, with

any thing like the common feeling of satisfaction which has attended the mode of burial in the earth. And there has been no quarter of the world, perhaps, where this mode has not sooner or later prevailed. It seems certain enough that this was the primitive mode. Abel was the first person that died, and the voice of his blood cried unto the Lord "from the ground." The first authentic account we have of the disposition of the dead, is an account of their burial; and nations the most rude and savage, as well as those the most civilized and refined, have followed this custom. The ancient Germans; the ancient Britons; the aboriginal tribes of North and South America; the Egyptians; and the Greeks and Romans, in the best periods of their history; the Jews; the Chinese, the Turks and the Arabs; the Africans; and nearly all the nations and tribes now existing on the earth, with singular and partial exceptions, have followed, and do follow, this practice of committing the bodies of their dead to the ground. They have not always, as I have intimated, and as I shall shortly have occasion to repeat and to remark upon more particularly, they have not always given to the dead, and they do not now give them, their just and fair share of eligible land for their inheritance, and for undisturbed repose. But still, the mode of disposition in common use is by burial. And even where practices have prevailed, to some of which I have adverted, which violate or evade the common right of the dead to sepulture, the right itself seems to be recognized and acknowledged.

Among Christian nations—among all nations which



On the Tour, West of Summit Ridge.





have had the Bible in hand—there can be no doubt that a strong feeling has commonly prevailed in behalf of this custom, and for the quiet and undisturbed rest and repose of the remains of the dead. It was a strong religious sentiment among the Hebrews. To be deprived of burial was deemed the greatest dishonor, and the greatest calamity that could befall any man. Even enemies, and criminals and suicides were not denied burial. The Preacher sets forth in strong terms his sense of the utter misery of a man if “he have no burial.” And a prophet denounces as the severest curse that could light on the head of the kings and priests of Judah who had practiced idolatry that their bones should be cast out of their graves, and that they should not afterwards be gathered, nor be buried.

It would seem impossible that Christians, with the Bible in their hands, could ever have any other thought than that the dead ought to be permitted to rest in their proper graves. I have already referred to the significant language of the Bible, upon the happening of that event which brought death into the world: “Till thou return unto the ground.” There was labor to be endured, and labor with trials, and difficulties and sorrows, but the end would come by and by. That death which had been denounced as the certain penalty of disobedience, would overtake the patient and stricken laborer at last, and then there would be the blessing of a “return unto the ground.” In the grave, at least, he should rest. I cannot help thinking that there was designed to be something of promise, and



hope and comfort in this language. I cannot help thinking that in this language is found a sufficient warrant and authority to the dead for an indefeasible right of sepulture, which the living cannot withhold without grievous wrong. It seems to me that every living human creature is entitled when he dies, under this great charter, to land enough for an ample grave, with quiet possession, and ample security against intrusion or disturbance.

To the Christian, moreover, there is a higher and a more sacred interest in sepulture, and in graves, than Jews and Gentiles have ever felt, or could ever feel. The blessed Saviour of the world slept three days in a grave. This imports much, very much to the Christian. He who follows this adorable Being in his life, is quite willing to follow him in his death and in his burial. The path to the grave, and the grave itself, have been illuminated by this event, and its natural gloom has been dissipated. Christians can see their way plain enough to the grave, and plain enough through it. The light from another world streams into it, and at once, the way out of it, and the glories beyond it, are revealed. On the third day the Saviour rose, and, with the glorified body which he brought with him from the ground, ascended into Heaven. The body with which he had descended into the earth was human, like our own. It was subject to death; and it was through death, and the grave, that it put on immortality. In this event, we read, and we think we understand something of the mysteries of immortal life, through mortal dissolution, and rest in the grave. We now know, better

certainly than we could ever have known without it, what it means to "return unto the ground." It is, indeed, a rest from labor—a repose after a long and difficult journey; but it is more than this. The worn and wearied body is laid away in the earth, to undergo that great and mystic change which must fit it for the resurrection. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." And with those who have this faith, what an unspeakable interest attaches to the inanimate human body, beyond every thing which untaught nature, with all its tenderness and all its sensibilities, could ever suggest or feel. What new value is imparted to it—I had almost said what sacredness—from the consideration of the bright and ineffable change which its substance is capable of, and the high and holy uses to which it is destined!

And we are taught, I think, that the grave, the bosom of the quickening earth, is the true and proper place where the body should wait for this expected change. We seem to find this in the original declaration made to the first man; "Thou shalt return unto the ground." And we find it in the memorable case and example of Jesus Christ. The gate of immortality has been opened through the grave. Flesh and blood cannot inherit immortal life; it is through death and the dissolving of these physical elements, that a body is obtained which may live forever. "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." And the grave is the selected and appointed place where the gross elements of physical being are to be dissolved, and the quickening to a new and enduring life of the body

begun. Men cannot, indeed, be cheated of immortality by any neglect, or any indignity, or any casualty, to which their bodies may be subjected. Oceans cannot quench, fires cannot consume the essential principle of life which God may draw from the dissolving elements of our mortal frames. Christians believe themselves safe enough any where, and every where, in his hands. But, then, it is better both to go through life, and to walk through the shadowy valley, in what seems to be at once the natural and appointed way. And whatever philosophers have thought, and whatever Christians who call themselves philosophers may think, after all that nature, and our own hearts and sensibilities teach us on this subject, and after the instructions which religion and the Bible impart to us, there are few amongst us, I think, of whatever faith, who do not feel a strong and unconquerable desire and hope that when they die, their bodies will rest in quiet graves, undisturbed at least, if undistinguished, and there await events which sooner or later must come in the revelations of God and eternity.

In the observations which I have thus far made, after the desultory manner in which I have indulged, it has been my object to give you my impressions of the general right of sepulture, and of undisturbed repose in the grave, which belongs to us all, and of the common obligation which rests on the living to make proper and ample provision for the becoming interment and rest of the dead. What I have intended to say, in brief, is this: That the living have no right to claim the earth exclusively as their

inheritance. A fair portion of it belongs to the dead. We have no just right to stint or limit unfairly the portion which may be assigned to them; or to make the term of their occupancy too short for their proper repose. There is room enough for them, and for us too. Burial seems to be the natural mode of disposing of the dead—the best for them, and the best for all. It seems, also, to be the natural, certainly it is the common, and all but universal desire and feeling of the human heart, that after death, we should receive burial. It has been the mode almost universally adopted. No law of nature that we know of, no law of propriety or convenience, no law of God, forbids it, or discountenances it. No discovery of science or of philosophy condemns it. On the contrary, without violent or strained constructions, it may be thought to have been the mode originally prescribed by the great Author of nature himself, from the hour when death entered into our world; and, at any rate, it is a mode and practice which commends itself strongly and irresistibly to the judgment and heart of all Christians, as sanctioned by all that is most sacred, most mystical and sublime, and most tender and endearing, in the holy faith to which they are devoted.

If I am correct in these views, then it follows that a serious obligation and duty rest on the living in reference to this subject. It is not their own convenience merely that they are to consult in regard to the proper disposal of the dead. There is a duty to the dead to be considered, and the interests of humanity, the interests of religion, and the interests of immortality seem to be involved in it.

We cannot say that this matter has always attracted, or that it does now generally attract, as much attention as it deserves, even in Christian countries, our own included. Indeed, I am not sure that other countries have not set us examples in this regard which would shame our Christian practices. The Chinese, notwithstanding their swarming and crowded population, seldom inter in a grave that has been previously occupied, and never while any traces of a former body remain. Their cemeteries spread over very extensive grounds, and these, perhaps, as beautiful and valuable as any. This is not, certainly, after the teaching of Plato, who would have none but the most barren ground set apart for sepulture.

It is not to be denied, or doubted, that nearly all over Christendom, in modern times, especially, perhaps, in the large cities and towns, very insufficient and very slovenly provision has been made for interments—oftentimes leading to very unfeeling and unseemly practices. I have already named some examples, and I will not repeat them. In the spread and growth of cities, it has happened quite commonly that the living population have crowded back the dead from their resting places, not unfrequently by several removals, in the successive stages of municipal extension and improvement. In our country, particularly, the march of improvement has been rapid—in cities, as every where else—and changes are sudden and striking, and sometimes ruthless. Nobody can tell, in an American city, how long the dead in the vaults of churches, in private vaults, and in churchyard graves, may be allowed

to occupy their position, or how soon, rather, their places will be demanded as sites and marts of business or trade. We know how unsafe they are even in grounds which seemed at first quite remote from the centres of settlement and population. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that not a considerable city, or large town, could be named in the United States where, from its foundation, provision has been made for interments at all adequate to secure the dead from untimely and unhallowed intrusion and disturbance. There has been, altogether, until a very recent period, a sad and discreditable neglect in regard to this matter, and in our own country, quite as much as elsewhere. We, Christians, have not cared for the dead as the ancients cared for them. The works which they constructed in memory of the dead, some of them elaborate and ponderous, and others of exquisite beauty and finish, exist in our day. The highest efforts in architecture, sculpture and painting had their origin in this pious object. The vast cavernous temples of India hewn out of solid mountains of rock; the mighty pyramids of Egypt; the grottoes at Thebes carried by excavation into the mountain side, with their galleries, and colonnades, their long subterranean alleys, and spacious chambers adorned with paintings and bas-reliefs; the sepulchres of Telmessus cut in the face of lofty perpendicular rocks, apparently almost inaccessible, and wrought, with marvellous art, into Ionic porticoes with gates and doors beautifully carved and embossed; these remarkable works and others like them remain to impress us with the zealous concern—mistaken it might be some-

times in its object—superstitious it might be oftentimes—which the ancients displayed for the repose and for the honor of the dead. The exquisite taste and genius of the Greeks were tasked to the utmost to furnish and adorn the dwellings and monuments of the dead. The Romans in this as in other things imitated the Greeks.

Now, I know of no reason why Christians—those who dwell in the light of the true religion and of modern civilization—should not, in their own rational and becoming way, make at least some sort of suitable provision for the accommodation of the dead; in ample and secure graves, and with such reference to location, position and embellishment as may accord with a just taste, and with those sensibilities of our nature which can not be less refined and worthy because touched and chastened by the influences of a holy faith. I know, indeed, of no excuse for the neglect of such a duty. And it affords me particular gratification to be able to say that a new interest has been awakened of late in our country on this subject, which has taken thus far exactly the right direction, which is spreading in every quarter, and promises results the most satisfactory and the most creditable.

Rural cemeteries have already been established in various parts of the country, beginning with that of Mount Auburn, near Boston, which was consecrated in September, 1831. There are now several others in Massachusetts. Baltimore has one; Philadelphia has one; New York has one; Rochester in this state has one. It is after the examples thus set us by our sister cities, that the ground





Near Cypress Water.



on which we now stand has been procured for a rural cemetery for the city of Albany.

This manner of preparing pleasant habitations for the dead, apart from the bustle and throng of busy dwelling-places, in grounds selected for the beauty of their position and outline, and susceptible of every kind of sylvan embellishment, is not new. In this matter we *can* only follow the example which the Egyptian, the German, the Hebrew, the Asiatic, the Greek, of the old time, have set us. They went without their cities, and made their cemeteries in shady groves, and laid down their dead beneath waving trees, amid embowering shrubbery, and near to bubbling fountains, murmuring streams, and placid lakes. There is one of the most beautiful cemeteries of this sort in the world in the environs of Constantinople. It is guarded by the Moslem with religious care. The communities of Moravian brothers have long been accustomed to form their burial-places into ornamental gardens. Need I tell you that the tomb in which the body of the Redeemer was laid was in a garden?

The grounds where we are now assembled have been selected for a cemetery, as in the examples to which I have referred, with a special view to their natural beauty, and their capability of improvement after the manner of landscape gardening. No one, after looking at them, can doubt, I think, that they have been most happily chosen. We see and know what they are, but we can scarcely know what they will be—how full of inexpressible beauty—when the forming hand of taste shall once have been laid

upon them. I shall not attempt to describe them. Here they are to answer for themselves to every eye. What pleasant hills and knolls—what gentle slopes—what abrupt declivities—what bushy dells—what trees and groves—what silvery, soft-toned, gentle, living waters, are here—and what expressive silence—what religious repose! Think of all this natural beauty at once fully brought out and softened by the hand of art—at once heightened, yet subdued by the civilizing and humanizing processes to which it may be subjected—and then think of it inhabited only by the dead; here and there a grave, or a group of graves; some in one lovely spot, some in another, as the dying themselves may choose, or as fond surviving friends may select, and marked by every variety of modest memorial which affection can suggest. What scene in nature could be more beautiful, more attractive, more impressive, more improving!

These grounds, under becoming regulations, will be open to all—to every class, and every complexion in society, and to every sect in religion. The poor will have a place here as well as the rich; and wherever the dead are laid in these grounds, there will they remain. There will be no crowding of grave upon grave, or heaping of bodies one upon another. This will be a common burial-place where all shall meet on terms of common fellowship and brotherhood. Every dear relation in life, severed by death, shall be found restored again in these grounds—husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, shall be re-united here. Friend shall meet friend here; and enemies, too,

shall meet, their enmities all forgotten. Yonder city, where, as everywhere in life, the harmonies of society are apt to be broken by petty feuds, by ungentle rivalries, by disturbing jealousies, by party animosities, by religious dissensions, shall, one after another, as death singles them out, send up her multitudinous population to these grounds, and here they shall take their respective places, in amiable proximity to each other, peaceful, harmonious, undisturbed and undisturbing, the same shadows deepening on them, the same sun-light over them, resting in the same hope, and waiting for the same change and the same resurrection. It is a place appointed for the final composition and adjustment of all their difficulties and differences. And what weights of sorrow, too, and pain, trouble and affliction, shall the inhabitants of that city, first and last, lay down in this place. What a refuge shall it be, from shivering misery, and squalid want, from secret griefs, from penury, oppression, injustice—in short, from the world. The young, the innocent, the beautiful, the happy, must make their bed, also, in this hallowed earth, as well as others; and what an exquisite tenderness of interest shall their presence lend to the place, and the scene. The graves here, like trees in the tropics, shall bear at one and the same time, the fresh bud, the opening flower, the unripe fruit, and that which is yellow to the harvest. The aged, and the honored, the wise, the brave, the learned, the skilful, the eloquent, shall lie down here to their last sleep, and with them, the undistinguished, the humble, and the lowly in heart and life. What a congregation will be gathered

here — how vast, and varied — and in how short a space of time ! And in the process of filling up these grounds from the tide of death which shall be turned in upon them from the living city, oh, who can tell what anguish of spirit, what agony, what despair, must here be felt and suffered !

Doubtless the sting of Death — the barbed arrow shot from his Parthian bow — is in the heart of the living, of the wretched survivors of the loved dead. How many are there who go mourning all their days ! We hope and believe that in the use of this ground as a cemetery, there may be found something to aid in assuaging the bitterness of the mourner's grief. Here the dead will possess quiet graves, which friends may watch over and beautify at pleasure. Here Nature will put on all her loveliness to tempt the mourner forth to frequent communion with her, with the spirits of the departed, and with God, the Author of all. The habit of coming abroad into her presence, in places where she clothes herself in aspects and garments of inexpressible beauty, when the heart, melted with grief, has acquired a lively sensibility to her attractions and power, cannot fail to bring soothing and comfort to the wounded spirit. The gloom which usually surrounds and settles over the grave will here be dissipated, and the sacred spot where the remains of the loved and lost are deposited, will be associated only with objects and accompaniments the most attractive and beautiful.

We hope and believe, too, that the custom of visiting these grounds, which can not fail to become general, when once they shall be brought into arrangement and order,

subdued and embellished, and made accessible at every point by easy avenues and graceful walks, will conduce to other eminent benefits and blessings. It can hardly be otherwise. We may expect this place to become a great moral teacher; and many valuable lessons there are, that may be learned here—lessons of humility, of moderation, of charity, of contentment, of mercy, of peace—lessons touching nearly all that concerns life, touching death, and touching immortality. In the ceremonies of this day, we open wide the ample volume where these lessons are to be read; we point to its recorded page; we invite to a frequent and diligent perusal. We think there is wisdom in it above the wisdom of men, and profit, unspeakable profit, both for the life that now is, and for that which is to come.

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A dirge—performed by the Lothian Band, in a most effective style—followed, when

The Doxology, having been read by the Rev. Dr. KENNEDY, was sung by the choir, to the tune of *Old Hundred*.

The Benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. Dr. PORTER, and the company dispersed.





NOT many, probably, recall the fact that the place where these exercises took place, and which is now occupied by Consecration lake, was once the site of a country school-house. The following letter charmingly records its early surroundings and associations:

Mr. J. P. THOMAS, *Supt. Albany Rural Cemetery,*

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your request that I would furnish you with any facts I might be able to recall regarding the location, history, etc., of the old mill and school-house that occupied the site of what is now Consecration lake in the Albany Rural Cemetery, at the time it was organized and went into operation, I take pleasure in sending you the following brief sketch which it has afforded me an agreeable pastime to prepare, relating, as it does, to a spot associated in my mind with so many early and cherished recollections.

The place itself, as its retired situation even yet, after all the changes that have passed over it, indicates, was one of the most secluded and romantic that could be imagined. Far removed from the highway and the noise and bustle of the world, and only approached by the solitary footpaths that led to it from various directions through the surrounding forest, it was seldom visited by the feet of strangers, and no one could have dreamed that it contained a habitation, much less a seat of learning, where the rudiments were taught in all the fullness and renown of Webster, Daboll and Murray; and I might add, enforced with all the persuasive arguments of birch. Few of its old features remain at the present time. The old mill, with its, to us children, huge over-shot water-wheel, and the school-house standing close to the margin of the brook and nestled under its green canopy of leaves, are no more. The brook no longer ripples over the pebbles as it winds its way under the shady banks; and where the green play-ground extended in front and around, and the luncheon-bank invited under its spreading branches, is now an expanse of water.

The main approach to this retired little nook was from the east, by a path that followed the windings of the stream through the beautiful ravine that now forms the carriage entrance, till it sud-



Consecration Lake.



denly emerged upon this lovely little secluded dell, covered with its carpet of verdure and wild flowers, hid away in its amphitheatre of wooded hills that closed in on every side to embrace it. As one wrote who had visited it after a long interval:

The foot-path winding with the woodland stream,  
With beating heart I tread; where oft, a child  
I lingered, bound as in a blissful dream  
Of rapt enchantment by their charms beguiled.

Through leafy glen they lead, by music cheered,  
The sweetest that the silvery streamlets sing;  
And to the well-known spot, so much endear'd,  
Where the old school-house rose, my footsteps bring.

The brook (called by the old Dutch inhabitants of the valley "Moordenaer's kill," from a tradition of a murder committed near the bridge that crossed its mouth at the time the road between Albany and Troy ran along the river bank), originally hugged the base of the hills bounding the dell on its northerly side. The school-house stood directly on its bank on the south side, at the base of the most prominent of these hills, whose top was crowned with a lofty pine. The mill was further up the stream, on the same side with the school-house, just at the point where it emerged from the ravine and entered the open dell. A bridge now occupies its site. It was called the "old oil mill," and was originally built by my father for the purpose of preparing oil-cake for the fattening of cattle. The house was for the miller's use. There were two dams on the creek above for the supply of water for the mill, one at the bend just beyond the high bridge, the other on the site of the present dam at the outlet of the lake above. From the former the water was conveyed in an open plank race carried along the slope of the hill, and discharged through a long, high trough upon the over-shot wheel. The mill and dwelling were erected about 1816. How long they served their original purpose I am not able to say exactly, but probably some five or six years.

The school was kept by Mistress Olive Phelps, daughter of Deacon Phelps, of Gibbonsville, now West Troy. A strict disciplinarian and an excellent teacher, thorough and pains-taking. Her governing principle was that learning and obedience go together, and that birch was intended to keep them in their places; a principle which, if things are estimated by their results, was both sound and practical, for all of her scholars, both boys and girls,

became very *smart*. She was also a staunch advocate in upholding the necessity of the dunce-block and fools-cap as helps in the education and training of youth. These ancient implements—the former an octagonal block of wood two feet high, painted black; the latter a lofty beaver without rim, made of blue sugar-loaf paper—occupied a conspicuous place in the north-west corner of the room, whence they shed a subduing influence over the school-room. Several well-known gentlemen of the present day, and must I add, a number of charming ladies, owe their first elevation in life to the old dunce block. The girls used to look very picturesque and pretty upon it, in the sugar-loaf hat and in tears.

This, being the only school in the neighborhood, became quite flourishing, numbering at times as many as forty scholars of both sexes. I think none of them can ever have forgotten those pleasant days; strolling through the wood in search of winter-greens and wild-flowers, building little dams in the brook and imprisoning therein the tiny pin-fish.

“O what are the pleasures we perish to win,  
To the first little shiner we caught with a pin.”—

Running and sliding headlong down the steep path that descended the hill in the south-west angle of the dell; or, before all other sports, clasping the long arms and going over and over, round and round with the big water-wheel. This last pastime I think the girls never attempted, at least not while the boys were there.

About 1829, the mill, having been leased to some parties for the manufacture of printers' ink, the school, with its fixtures and dunce-block, was removed to the new school building, which my father built and which is still standing on the south side of the Cemetery avenue. The manufacture of ink not proving a success, the work was abandoned and the school-house became thereafter the home of one of the farm laborers, while the mill was given up to the bats and flying squirrels, and suffered to go to decay. In this state they continued until 1846, when, in the purchase made by Gov. Wm. L. Marcy and Thomas W. Olcott for the Albany Rural Cemetery, they became the property and passed into the possession of that most worthy association and fell before the tide of improvement.

Yours very truly,

417 Madison Ave., New York,  
August, 1880.

JOHN HILLHOUSE.



REV. BARTHOLOMEW T. WELCH, D. D.

First president of the Albany Cemetery Association.

[From a photograph, by permission of his son, Dr. Welch of Castleton, N. Y.]





THERE is no one living to-day to tell the story of this enterprise as it might have been told twelve or fifteen years ago. All the men who were interested in its origin, who first urged its importance upon the slow ears and reluctant pockets of their generation, who issued appeals, who solicited subscriptions, who contrived ways and means, and who finally placed the association upon a firm foundation, with land to sell and money in the bank—these men are all gone. Doubtless they carried the knowledge, and perhaps the secret, of many a discouragement to the grave with them. To build up such a magnificent property as that of the Albany Cemetery Association against the inertia of public apathy represents more endeavor than is ever recorded—certainly more than can be recorded here, much as we should be pleased to credit in particular, and to the fullest extent, the public spirit and enterprise of Rev. Dr. Welch and Mr. Thomas W. Olcott. Without the inspiring words and noble example of the one and the financial skill and resources of the other, it is doubtful whether the project would have been carried through for many years.

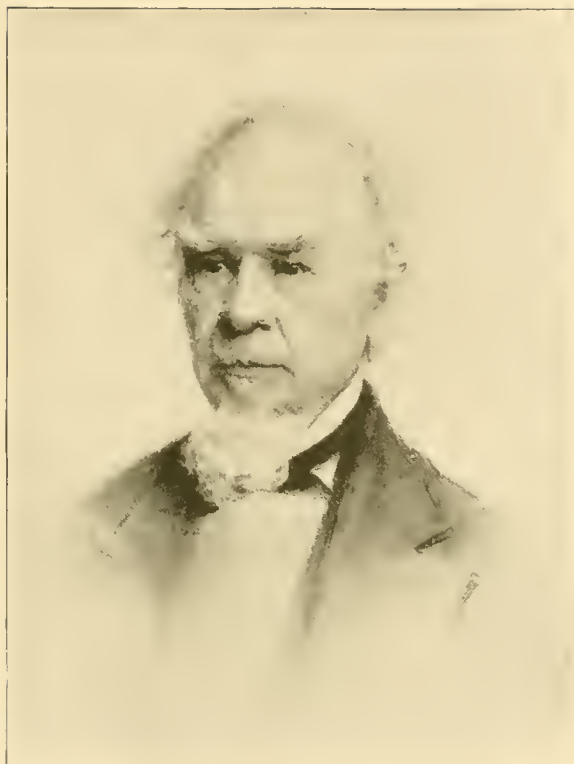
As it was, part of the money to be paid for purchase of the land was secured by mortgage, and it is a tradition that the stately and courteous “old Dr. Wendell,” meeting Mr. Olcott and Mr. Hillhouse opposite the bank one morning, openly and roundly denounced the whole project, bringing his cane down upon the pavement most emphatically, and

declaring it was the height of absurdity to expect any one to bury their dead in "a mortgaged lot."

This, however, did not prove an insuperable obstacle, although it appears that the title deeds to the original purchase were not executed till January 1, 1846, or more than a year after the grounds were consecrated. These deeds were for about forty-two acres bought from Thomas and John Hillhouse, and seventy-eight acres bought from Governor Marcy and others, executors of Benjamin Knowler, deceased, and for which, in all, the consideration was about \$12,500.

Rev. Dr. Welch and Mr. Olcott having been appointed a committee of the trustees to superintend the improvement of the grounds, as well as to locate and purchase them, engaged the services of Maj. D. B. Douglass, who had won some reputation by his treatment of Green-Wood, and the work began. Subscription-books for lots were opened the June following the consecration, and persons making the highest bids were entitled to first choice. The bids ranged from \$1 to \$80. Bidders were ranged in classes, according to the amount of their bids, and the days on which they should have priority of selection in each class were determined by number. Rev. Dr. Welch and Mr. Olcott, in consideration of their services, were authorized to select one lot each, without charge. The price of lots, 16 x 16, at first was \$25. The first deed of a lot recorded was July 4, 1845, to Edward C. Delavan.

The trustees being permitted by their act of incorporation to give to the Cemetery "such name as they may



THOMAS W. OLCOTT.  
Second president of the Albany Cemetery Association.



think appropriate," at first decided on "The Evergreens," and it was so designated for once, at least, in the official advertisements; but this action was speedily rescinded, and it became the Albany Rural Cemetery.

Its history up to 1868 was, more or less, that of a struggle for support. Many persons bought lots, it is true, but the expense of improving the grounds and keeping them in order, was large. The burial-grounds on the site of Washington park were now closed. In fact there had been but few interments there for some time, but in 1868 the bodies were removed to the Rural and to St. Agnes Cemeteries, at an expense to the city of some \$40,000, and the Rural Cemetery speedily became *the* place of burial for all outside the Roman Catholic church, not only in Albany, but in a great many instances for residents of Cohoes, West Troy and Troy. The beauty of the grounds, and their complete adaptation to the purpose, have also attracted the attention of many people in other cities, and scores of lots have been sold to persons living in New York and Brooklyn. It is twenty years since the finances of the association have occasioned any anxiety, except as to how they shall be invested.

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In less than a year from organization changes were made in the board of trustees, but as it is not the intention to here record all the details which make up the book of minutes, it will be sufficient to merely mention the names of the trustees in their succession, as follows:

Archibald McIntyre was succeeded at death by S. H.

Ransom, January 8, 1859; succeeded by Grange Sard, October 9, 1883.

Rev. B. T. Welch resigned January 27, 1847, and was succeeded by Dr. Peter Wendell, who died and was succeeded in 1850 by Greene C. Bronson, who resigned and was succeeded, July 26, 1852, by William H. De Witt, and he, January 15, 1873, by Jeremiah J. Austin, and he resigning was succeeded, January 10, 1878, by Robert L. Johnson, who dying was succeeded by Abraham Lansing, April 12, 1881.

Stephen Van Rensselaer resigning was succeeded, January 15, 1845, by Isaiah Townsend, who removing to Cornwall was succeeded, January 23, 1856, by Gen. John F. Rathbone.

Gen. John A. Dix resigning was succeeded, January 27, 1847, by Marcus T. Reynolds, and he, January 8, 1861, by Charles Van Benthuyzen, who at his death was succeeded October 21, 1881, by Daniel S. Lathrop, who dying was succeeded by John Boyd Thacher, April 10, 1883.

John Q. Wilson going to Chicago was succeeded, July 17, 1863, by Isaac W. Vosburgh, and he at his death by Gen. John G. Farnsworth, June 7, 1889.

James Horner resigning was succeeded, January 27, 1847, by John L. Schoolcraft, and he January 8, 1861, by Otis Allen, and he dying, by Erastus D. Palmer, January 10, 1866.

Anthony M. Strong resigning was succeeded, February 15, 1871, by John T. Norton, and he by Erastus Corning, September 21, 1871.



ERASTUS CORNING.

[Third and present president of the Albany Cemetery Association.]





Peter Gansevoort was succeeded by James B. Jermain, January 18, 1876.

Thomas W. Olcott was succeeded at death by Dudley Olcott, May 18, 1880.

Ezra P. Prentice resigning was succeeded, January 15, 1845, by Thomas Hillhouse, and he by Abraham Van Vechten, September 21, 1871.

John I. Wendell was succeeded, January 1, 1855, by Rev. Dr. B. T. Welch; and he, September 21, 1871, by James Kidd, and he by Judge Rufus W. Peckham, September 26, 1879.

Ellis Baker was succeeded, September 17, 1850, by Gov. W. L. Marcy; and he, September 17, 1857, by Dr. Alden March; and he, January 11, 1870, by Dr. James H. Armsby; and he, January 18, 1876, by Charles B. Lansing, and he by Judge William L. Learned, January 12, 1891.

Ira Harris was succeeded by Robert Lenox Banks, January 18, 1876.

There have been but three presidents: Rev. B. T. Welch, 1844 to 1849; Thomas W. Olcott, 1849 to 1880; Erastus Corning, 1880.

Mr. James B. Jermain was elected vice-president October 12, 1886.

The secretaries have been: Anthony M. Strong (who was also treasurer), John W. Ford (not a member of the board), James W. Greene (superintendent), A. M. Strong, Charles Van Benthuyzen, Robert Lenox Banks.

The treasurer was combined with the secretary in Mr. A. M. Strong; with superintendent in Mr. Thomas, and

is now Mr. Dudley Olcott, with an assistant in Mr. Willis G. Nash.

Mr. John F. Shafer has been the book-keeper since November 15, 1886.

Major Douglass was engaged as engineer in laying out the grounds during 1844-5 and '6, and was succeeded by John Hillhouse, who acted as such until 1848, when he was succeeded by Burton A. Thomas, who was connected in that capacity with the Cemetery till 1879. He was succeeded by his son, Jeffrey P. Thomas, who was also, as he is yet, the superintendent.

The names first given to many of the localities in the Cemetery by Major Douglass were thought to be strangely inappropriate, and January 23, 1856, Superintendent Greene was authorized by the board to change the nomenclature which he did in many cases. In fact the name of the Cemetery itself has been discussed at various times, many favoring a more poetical designation. Mr. Alfred B. Street suggested that it be called Tawasentha, said to mean in the Indian language, "the place of many dead."

The first keeper of the Cemetery was John Varley. In 1850 John L. Weatherwax was made the superintendent. He was succeeded in 1852 by Rev. James W. Greene, who was also secretary and treasurer, and Robert W. Bell was keeper. Mr. Greene resigned June 1, 1868, and was succeeded by Mr. J. P. Thomas, as stated.

In 1868 the position of superintendent of interments was created and filled by the appointment of Patrick Callen. He was succeeded in May, 1878, by James A. Burns.

The roster at the present time is accordingly as follows :

PRESIDENT,

ERASTUS CORNING.

VICE-PRESIDENT,

JAMES B. JERMAIN.

SECRETARY,

ROBERT LENOX BANKS.

TREASURER,

DUDLEY OLCOTT.

ASSISTANT TREASURER,

WILLIS G. NASH.

ACCOUNTANT,

JOHN F. SHAFER.

TRUSTEES,

JOHN F. RATHBONE,

RUFUS W. PECKHAM,

ERASTUS D. PALMER,

DUDLEY OLCOTT,

ERASTUS CORNING,

ABRAHAM LANSING,

ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN,

JOHN BOYD THACHER,

ROBERT LENOX BANKS,

GRANGE SARD, JR.,

JAMES B. JERMAIN,

JOHN G. FARNSWORTH,

WILLIAM L. LEARNED.

SUPERINTENDENT AND SURVEYOR,

JEFFREY P. THOMAS.

SUPERINTENDENT OF INTERMENTS,

JAMES A. BURNS.

From the last annual report of Superintendent Thomas, January 1, 1892, it appears that the whole number of lots sold since the Cemetery was opened was at that time 7,148; the whole number of interments, 36,223. The number of interments last year was 1,135, which was fifty-nine more than the preceding year. The funds held for the perpetual care of lots amount to more than \$100,000.





## DESCRIPTIVE.

THE situation of the Albany Rural Cemetery leaves nothing to be desired. It is in the town of Water-vliet, on the west side of the Hudson river, about midway between Albany and West Troy. Within a radius of ten miles are the homes of not less than 200,000 people, who live mostly north, south and east; and yet this great city of the dead, covering 300 acres, with its steadily increasing population, is retired as well as central, and convenient without being conspicuous. It is far enough away not to be a lounging place for the merely idle, and yet near enough to be easily accessible to those (of whom there are many), who take a mournful pleasure in passing much time within its peaceful borders.

A very pleasant way to reach the Cemetery from Albany by carriage, is over the Van Rensselaer boulevard, leaving the Troy road just north of the patroon's and ascending the hill which affords extended and beautiful views of the city of Albany and the valley of the Hudson. The road runs past the extravagantly built "Fritz Villa," once the home of the late Joseph K. Emmet, the actor, and ends

at the southern entrance to the Cemetery, whence Linden avenue leads directly to the South ridge.

The route for funerals, and the one most in general use is over the Watervliet turnpike (known in Albany as the Troy road, and in Troy as the Albany road), through the toll-gate, past the Old Men's home, in sight of Menands, "the Garden suburb," and of the Fair grounds. The electric cars of the West Troy and Watervliet turnpike pass within less than half a mile of the eastern entrance, the approach to which from where the cars stop and where carriages leave the turnpike, is through a superb arboral archway of majestic elms quite unsurpassed in this part of the country.

The belt line steam cars, running hourly each way from Albany and Troy from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m. (except on Sundays, when the trains are less frequent), leave passengers within a few rods of the eastern entrance, and constitute the most rapid and convenient way of reaching the Cemetery from either city.

As the visitor enters the gateway there is nothing to be seen in the Cemetery itself indicating the purpose to which it is devoted. There is no imposing portal, no notice to all the world that this is the Albany Rural Cemetery, and not a grave or monument is in sight. A simple fence marks the boundary, and a perfect roadway passes through the open gate into what appears to be the admirably kept grounds of some country seat controlled by wealth and culture. To be sure, the lodge just inside the gate, is a structure not common to private grounds, and





Eastern Lodge and Office.



without being at all pretentious commands attention from the originality of design which elsewhere would certainly excite inquiry. No one would mistake it for a private dwelling, nor yet for a public building. The general style is Romanesque; although the loggia on the south side of the second story, with its arcaded front, is clearly taken from Italian architecture. The material is red Potsdam sandstone and Croton brick, while the irregular roof, broken by dormers, is of red tile. The beautiful *ampelopsis veitchii* adds its verdure in summer to what is at once picturesque and in as perfect harmony with the landscape as it is with the purpose for which it was designed. The lodge was erected in 1882, after plans by R. W. Gibson, the architect of All Saints' cathedral.

Just back of the lodge is a tower in which hangs a bell, once used for funerals, but as burials became frequent its tolling was almost constant, and it now serves simply to signal the employees when to begin and leave off work. No reception, therefore, is now given the silent procession as one after another they enter this domain of the dead; no welcome, no farewell, save perhaps that heard by the hermit thrush of New England poets: \*

" A train went through a burial gate,  
A bird broke forth and sang,  
And trilled and quivered and shook his throat,  
Till all the churchyard rang.

" And then adjusted his little notes  
And bowed and sang again.  
Doubtless he thought it meet of him  
To say good-bye to men."

---

\* Emily Dickinson.

Looking northward, the road by which we have entered is lost to view in a fine growth of trees thirty or forty rods distant, just where is seen the *porte cochere* of the simple chapel in which services for the dead are often held. This building, much needed for many years, was erected in 1884, after designs by Gibson.

To the left three drive-ways lead to the three natural divisions of the Cemetery, known as the North, Middle and South ridges. The eye rests with delight on the undulating lawns and here and there on masses of thrifty shrubs, a bed of foliage plants, a rustic vase of flowers, but nowhere any attempt at elaborate floral decoration. This is not a garden, it is not a park, it is not a pleasure. Its distinct character is maintained at every point. Other grounds for the same purpose may have costlier monuments, larger area or more elaborate ornamentation. Some excel in one feature, some in another, but those persons best qualified to judge are free to admit that in no burial place in the world are the characteristics expressed in its name more fully exemplified than in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

It is at once apparent that the important requisite of room is not lacking. There are many acres now the property of the association in which land there is not a single grave, while the adjacent area available by purchase is practically without limit. This obviates the one great objection to interment as a disposition of the dead. No grave need ever encroach upon another in the Rural Cemetery.





The Chapel.





There is hill and dale and grassy knoll; there are limpid streams and shady nooks; lakes and brooks and fountains, and cascades; two ravines, romantic in their sylvan beauty, divide the ridges one from another. On higher ground the views of the surrounding country, of the placid Hudson and the hills which skirt its eastern bank, of the great iron industries pouring forth their clouds of smoke by day and their pillars of fire by night, the slow moving canal boats, the swift moving steam cars, the boats on the river, the distant cities north and south, all form such pictures as words can not paint.

A few steps up the road a once not very ornamental pool of water known as Orient lake, has given place to a murmuring cascade down which ripples the stream that has sung its way through the glen and is now flowing on

“ to join the rushing river.”

Art has concealed art in construction of this mimic waterfall, and few imagine that it represents hours of thought and weeks of labor, so closely has nature been imitated. It was planned and constructed by Superintendent Thomas in 1875. The little lake above, the fountain, the weeping willow, all make a most pleasing picture which one is loath to leave.

But a long and interesting ramble is before us. Let it be said in starting that no one can traverse all the walks and drives, doing each lot the justice of examination, unless several days are devoted to it. Neither is it practicable in a book of this kind to mention every memorial that is deserving. More than 36,000 persons are buried in

the Rural Cemetery. Over the great proportion of them loving hands have placed some kind of a memento. In some instances the millionaire has drawn upon his ample resources; in others it is the widow's mite that has been expended. The result, of course, is great variety, and as the visitor only stops to look at what is most attractive and interesting, so we are compelled to select only those lots which, for special reasons, are most worthy of notice, or those which serve as landmarks to guide us on our winding way, knowing well that in so doing we shall, in hundreds of instances, leave unmentioned the one spot dearer to some heart than the most beautiful marble or the most massive granite to be bought with money or fashioned by the hand of genius.

A glance at the map shows an intricate interlacery of walks and drives, all of which we shall not attempt to untangle, but it will be seen that the sections are marked. The figures which follow mention in the text of lots and monuments, refer to these sections, and it is only by frequent consultation of the map in connection therewith that it will be possible to make clear the location of objects of interest.

The winding ravines which separate the three natural divisions are narrow in places and again spread out into lake areas. The ridges run east and west and with their undulations form numerous hillocks, which frequently lend themselves, very naturally, to terrace effects. Southward the South ridge spreads out into a nearly level plain over which, and the gentle undulations still further south Linden



The Cascade.



avenue leads to the Menand road and the Van Rensselaer boulevard.

The principal roadway is the Tour which winds in and out for eight miles, over the hills and through the ravines, never crossing itself except at Glen Cross bridge where the road south from Consecration lake through the ravine passes under the road leading from Mount Olivet to Rose-land hill. If the Tour is followed implicitly it will conduct one by all the principal points to be seen from the drive-ways. Western avenue conducts to the western gate, past the Jewish cemetery to the Newtonville road.

Of the principal walks Consecration path and Meditation walk lead from the Tour near the entrance to the very heart of the most romantic scenery in the grounds. Passing Consecration lake Ravine walk follows the course of the brook winding around the lakes, through the ravine separating the South and Middle ridges and crossing the rivulet many times by rustic bridges until it connects with the Tour at the head of Tawasentha lake.

Another romantic walk is Woodbine path, which passes over Indian lake by a rustic bridge. Evergreen path on the South ridge is the longest straight path on the grounds and passes many prominent objects. The principal walks are over five miles in extent ; and it is possible to wander for at least thirty miles without traversing all the streets and lanes of this Silent City.



THE SOUTH RIDGE.

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We are at the eastern entrance. Passing the lodge, and taking the first narrow pathway or the first carriage road to the left (it does not matter which), we begin the ascent. Very appropriately our first pause is at the Hillhouse lot (Sec. 4), Summerside avenue leading to the left and Mount Way to the right. Here, on a pretty, green, shaded slope, is buried Thomas Hillhouse, to whom belonged a large portion of the land originally bought for the Cemetery, and now known as the South ridge. He had been dead ten years when the Cemetery was opened, and the property was purchased of his heirs. His son John (who is also buried here) was one of the Cemetery's first surveyors, and this lot was his selection. His father's remains were brought here and the monument to him was the first granite placed on the grounds.

The grade of Summerside avenue is rather steep, but whoever climbs it will find the grave of one man who should not be forgotten as long as Albany remains a city—its painstaking, labor-loving, unrequited antiquarian and historical publisher, a delver among old records, old newspapers and old graveyards, a just man and a good printer—Joel Munsell (Sec. 4).

Our course, however, is to the right up Mount Olivet. Sec. 3 contains several interesting and note-worthy monuments: The brown stone of G. V. S. Bleecker, the granite shafts of Moses Patten (surrogate of Albany county



1840-4) near at hand, and of Edward Learned in the corner; and another ponderous shaft to the memory of Joel Rathbone, one of the founders of the stove firm of Rathbone, Sard & Company, and bearing his medallion portrait (by Palmer), also the inscription:

“He requested that these words might be inscribed on his monument, ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

We shall find that inscriptions or epitaphs, other than the name and date of birth and death and occasionally a text of scripture, have, of late, ceased to be common. Whether their use went out with the marbles, which were so much easier to cut than granite, and for that reason, we can not say. But there are fashions in tomb-stones as in other things less ephemeral. The pitiful representations of lambs, and children, and miniature angels are no more called for to-day than are the winged faces found on the slabs of the eighteenth century. Italian marble itself is no longer used much, chiefly because it will not stand the climate. The red sandstone of New Jersey, so largely in demand forty years ago, is obsolete, except “to match.” This stone, which comes from near Newark, first was used in the erection of Trinity church, New York, and for a time was ultra-fashionable. It consists of quartz and mica united by an argillaceous cement and slightly colored with oxide of iron. It has not fulfilled the hopes of its admirers. Even Quincy granite has given way in this vicinity to the more beautiful Westerly, which is



now considered the most desirable of all grades of that stone, although the various shades of Barre are popular with many.

West of the Rathbone lot and near Meditation walk which skirts the glen, stands the simple stone commemorative of Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, born 1795, died 1876; but with nothing to indicate that he was forty years pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Albany; that besides his great work in nine volumes, "The Annals of the American Pulpit," he was the author of more than a hundred published sermons, memoirs, addresses, books, etc., and that his collection of nearly 100,000 autographs was probably the largest private collection of the kind in the world. The State library in Albany is enriched by many of his gifts.

The Gazeley stone is a cross and pedestal of Barre granite, bearing the sacred monogram. Higher up the knoll, the other side of the Gregory monument, is the Jared L. Rathbone memorial, designed after the tomb of Scipio. Mr. Rathbone was the first mayor of Albany elected by popular vote (1839-40).

Turning to the left up Mount Way we pass the James H. McClure lot, and next west of it the simple but tasteful stone to George Curtis Treadwell with a palm gracefully carved on the solid granite. Mr. Treadwell was the founder of one of the largest fur houses in the United States. He died in 1885 after a successful business career in Albany of over half a century. On the left is the Godard monument (4), and when the Tour is

reached we come to the elaborately carved marble pedestal in memory of the four children of William H. DeWitt, and bearing a figure of Faith with her cross. The pretty little church of the Holy Innocents, in Albany, is another tribute to the memory of these well-beloved offspring, Mr. DeWitt purchasing the site and defraying the expenses of building that edifice. Nearly opposite is the lot of Isaac W. Vosburgh (5), for many years a trustee of the Cemetery, as was also Mr. DeWitt.

Our way here is to the right and on the brow of Mount Olivet, surrounded by a fence, will be found the Benedict lot (3), in which are buried Lewis Benedict, father and son. The elder Benedict's monument and urn are of Italian marble, with a medallion portrait by Palmer. He was an old Albany merchant of high standing and public spirit. He died in 1862, two years before his son and namesake, colonel of the 162d N. Y., was killed in battle at Pleasant Hill, La., while commanding the 3d brigade, 1st division, 19th army corps, in the Red River campaign. A granite sarcophagus of the Roman style, marks the soldier's grave. A sword and wreath of laurel are carved on the top with the words, "*Benedictus qui patitur.*" His rank and the names of the battles in which he participated are inscribed on the sides. Post No. 5, Grand Army of the Republic, is named after this brave and worthy officer.

Following now the Tour to the right we wind along the edge of the ravine where the little brook ripples its never ceasing song, passing many lots delightfully situated. On the left is a pyramid of granite six feet high to the Brown

family (5) and a pillar in memory of Matthew I. Hallenbeck.

At a sharp curve in the Tour (3) stands a plain, dignified, substantial monument of dark granite, erected in 1885 by the trustees of the Cemetery, members of the Emmanuel Baptist church and other friends, to the Rev. Bartholomew T. Welch, D.D., b. 1794, d. 1870. "A Baptist preacher of rare eloquence and a public spirited citizen, to whose zeal this Cemetery owes its existence." On one side of the monument is the quotation: "Proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." This is, no doubt, intended to suggest the love of liberty with which Dr. Welch was inspired, and which he avowed in times and places when and where to do so, was to bring upon his head the opprobrium of being called "an abolitionist." Very likely the quotation refers to a scene which took place in Philadelphia about the time of the breaking out of the rebellion; if so, it is slightly inaccurate, the wrong passage having been selected. It was at a national meeting of the Baptist denomination held in Chestnut street, about opposite the old Independence hall. Feeling ran high; Dr. Welch had spoken of slavery in terms which were resented by some of the southern brethren, one of whom in reply closed by asking Dr. Welch what he would do with the institution of slavery, if he had the power? "Do!" exclaimed the doctor; "Do?" (for the third time, then pointing to the historic old building where hangs the Liberty bell, and quoting with clarion voice its well-known inscrip-



RELIGION CONSOLING SORROW.



tion,) "Do? Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," and took his seat amid great enthusiasm.

Dr. Welch was pastor of the First Baptist church in Albany, from 1828 till 1834, when 120 members forming a new church organization, he went with them and was their spiritual head till 1848, thus giving to Albany the best twenty years of his life.

Next west is the Friend Humphrey marble monument, simple and in good taste, keeping alive the memory of a former Albany merchant of high character, who was mayor of the city in 1843-5, and 1849-50. ("One of the best men I ever knew"—Thurlow Weed.) Opposite is the Dr. Van Buren lot (5) and then the McCammon shaft of marble with wreath and urn; also the Bruce monument.

The freestone monument to Lemuel Steele commemorates a man who was for ten years democratic alderman from the Fourth ward, for many years chief engineer of the Albany fire department, and still longer director in the Mechanics and Farmers Bank.

At the right, on the very edge of the ravine overlooking Consecration lake is seen the simple granite shaft to the memory of Harmanus Bleecker (3) who died July 19, 1849, leaving a legacy of \$80,000 "to be applied in some judicious way to be permanently beneficial" to his native city of Albany. The will, however, bequeathed all to his widow (afterward Mrs. Coster), there being simply an oral understanding with her that when she was through with the property, it should be turned over to the city. With this

request she complied in the most honorable manner, on her removal to the Netherlands, placing the estate, meantime, during her life, in trust with the late Hon. John V. L. Pruyn, who at his death invested the late Hon. Amasa J. Parker with the responsibility, leaving to him in turn, as the widow had left with Chancellor Pruyn, the choice of objects to which the estate should be devoted. The widow died in 1885, the property meantime having amounted to fully \$130,000, and Judge Parker, after mature deliberation, formulated a plan which resulted in the erection of the noble public hall which bears the name of a great public benefactor, Harmanus Bleecker. Mr. Bleecker was an eminent lawyer, a successful politician and was at one time minister to the Hague.

Anthony M. Strong, last of the original trustees of the Cemetery who died Nov. 19, 1891, is buried nearly opposite (5). A Gothic brown stone monument stands on the lot, and in the same enclosure will be found a marble lamb, which is interesting as one of the early efforts of Palmer, the sculptor. The Baker granite shaft is severely simple, and the Schoolcraft-Johnson marble is purely Gothic. It was considered at one time one of the best in the grounds. John L. Schoolcraft, once prominent in public life, is buried here. He was a well-known Albany merchant, a trustee of the Cemetery, and from 1854 to '60 president of the Commercial Bank. He was a warm, personal friend of Thurlow Weed, and his close political follower. He was twice elected to congress.

A rustic cross springing from a pile of stones, and bear-



ing a scroll with Scripture quotation, perpetuates the memory of John Innes Kane who died in Palermo, Italy, and his wife Mary, daughter of Leonard Kip, of New York.

An imposing granite monument bears the life-like medallion of Eli Perry, the large-hearted mayor of Albany, and congressman, who died May 17, 1881. He was also inspector of the penitentiary, and by a coincidence his memorial looks down upon the grave across the way of Rev. David Dyer (3) for many years chaplain and the author of a history of that institution.

The tomb of Stillman Witt, a Cleveland millionaire, stands at the head of the bridge crossing the ravine, which for the present we leave at the right and go up Glen Cross way. The Henry Newman and Hugh Humphrey lot (6) occupies a position at this point, and here the Reuel Clapp column, with its Egyptian ornamentation suggesting the lotus flower, will surely attract attention, if not admiration. Just west of it is the grave of Rev. Henry N. Pohlman, "for fifty-three years a faithful minister of Christ." He was one of the clergymen who officiated at the consecration of the Cemetery, being at that time pastor of the Lutheran church in Albany, his native city, to which he had just been called. He held that position, beloved and respected for twenty-five years, and died in 1874. His grave is denoted by a Latin cross. In the same lot is the grave of Lieut. W. H. Pohlman, who fell at Gettysburg, aged 22. He was a nephew of Rev. Dr. Pohlman, and his father, a missionary, was murdered by pirates in China.

Young Pohlman was a student at Princeton, preparing for the ministry, when the war broke out ; he entered the army as a private and was adjutant of the 59th N. Y. when he met his early death.

Turning backward to the left and eastward along the Tour, the elaborate Monteith and Howes marbles are seen ; a few steps further on the Davidson marble monument, with its urns and draped casket, appears, and near by Mrs. Kate Hamilton's vine covered vault. In her will this woman directed that after her remains were locked in their last resting place, the lock should be filled with lead and the keys thrown into the Hudson river, which was done by her executors. Absurd rumors got abroad that a large amount of money was locked in with her, and not long afterward an attempt was made to resurrect it. One night in 1868 the lock was blown off and a brick wall, which the burglars next encountered, was broken through ; but when they were inside the vault there was still a brick arch and a ponderous stone coffin to penetrate, neither of which was disturbed. The tomb itself is poorly constructed and will very likely have to be taken down before long. Mrs. Hamilton was the first to leave a fund for the perpetual care of her lot, and for this reason, if for no other, her remains will always receive proper respect.

Opposite is the W. W. Crannell family lot (4) and the Herrington granite shaft. Past the square brown block of S. M. Fish (5) we see two tombs, one sandstone, of Artemas Fish, the other, brick, of the Van Benthuyzen family. In the latter lie the remains of Obadiah R. Van Benthuyzen,

the first man to successfully apply steam power to the printing press in America. When the Cemetery was first laid out the choice of lots was sold to the highest bidder, and he was among the class allowed priority of choice. The last time he went out of the house was to avail himself of the privilege he had purchased, and he selected this spot. He is surrounded by the representatives of six generations, among them his son Charles Van Benthuyesen, who had been State and United States printer and for many years a trustee and secretary of the Cemetery association.

We come now to the handsome monument of James D. Wasson, one of the early expressmen, and postmaster in 1848; and of "the beloved physician," Dr. Peter McNaughton. Next is that of Ira Jagger, the iron manufacturer. A little in the rear is seen the lot of William and Clark Durant, marked not only with a well shaped monument, but by two massive crosses of polished granite, laid horizontally upon the graves and resting on granite frames filled with myrtle.

Following the Tour southward and turning to the left we retrace steps already taken along the side of the glen till we reach the Glen Cross bridge at the right, and crossing, note on the pretty knoll which bears the name of Roseland Hill, the Wendell and Vanderpoel lot (9). Here sleep three of Albany's eminent physicians, Dr. Herman Wendell, Dr. S. O. Vanderpoel and Dr. Peter Wendell, the latter having practiced medicine in Albany for forty-two years, and at his death being regent and chancellor of the university of the state of New York. The following

inscription upon another marble shaft in the same lot tells its own story :

The trustees  
of the  
Albany Rural Cemetery  
have directed this inscription  
to be made  
to commemorate the services  
of  
JOHN I. WENDELL  
One of the early members  
of the board  
who gratuitously devoted  
his time  
and the energies  
of a cultivated mind and taste  
to improve and beautify  
these grounds  
until called by death  
to occupy a place  
at the foot of this column.

Dr. Vanderpoel was surgeon-general of the state at the outbreak of the war, was inspector of hospitals for the sanitary commission, and for eight years health-officer of the port of New York, to which city he afterwards removed (1881). In the same lot is buried Col. Lewis O. Morris, who was killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 4, 1864. The insignia on his stone are a cannon, a cross, a sword, sash and accouterments. Post 121, Grand Army of the Republic, is named after this gallant soldier.

Next west is the Stephen Paddock monument (9) of

granite, with urn, well proportioned, solid and substantial. Beyond that Robert Dunlop's, of sandstone, bearing vine and clusters of grapes with the thistle of Scotland. Near by lies Robert Dunlop Lathrop, adjutant of the 159th N. Y., killed in battle at Irish Bend, Bayou Teche, La., April 14, 1863, aged 22. His last words were: "It is all right if we conquer."

In the Archibald McIntyre lot, carefully fenced, stands the granite monolith to Dr. James McNaughton, "for fifty-six years a practicing physician and surgeon in the city of Albany, and for fifty-three years a lecturer on medicine." He was born in Kenmore, Scotland, as the thistle indicates, in 1796, and died in Paris, June 11, 1874. Archibald McIntyre (state comptroller 1806 to 1821 and an original Cemetery trustee) and Rev. John McDonald, "forty-two years a minister of the gospel," are buried in the same lot with a large and very elaborate marble sarcophagus to mark the spot. The Gregory and Henderson monuments in the same enclosure are fine specimens of marble cutting by R. E. Launitz of New York, a pupil of Thorwaldsen, and the first instructor of Thomas Crawford. He has been called the father of monumental art in America. Among his productions are the Pulaski monument in Savannah, the battle monument in Frankfort, the Gen. George H. Thomas monument in Troy, etc. The Henderson marble is crowned with a figure of Faith with an open Bible.

To the right (11) is a monument to Edgar Cottrell, a well-remembered Albany merchant who died in 1890, "So faithful, tender and unspoiled by fortune." The Stimpson

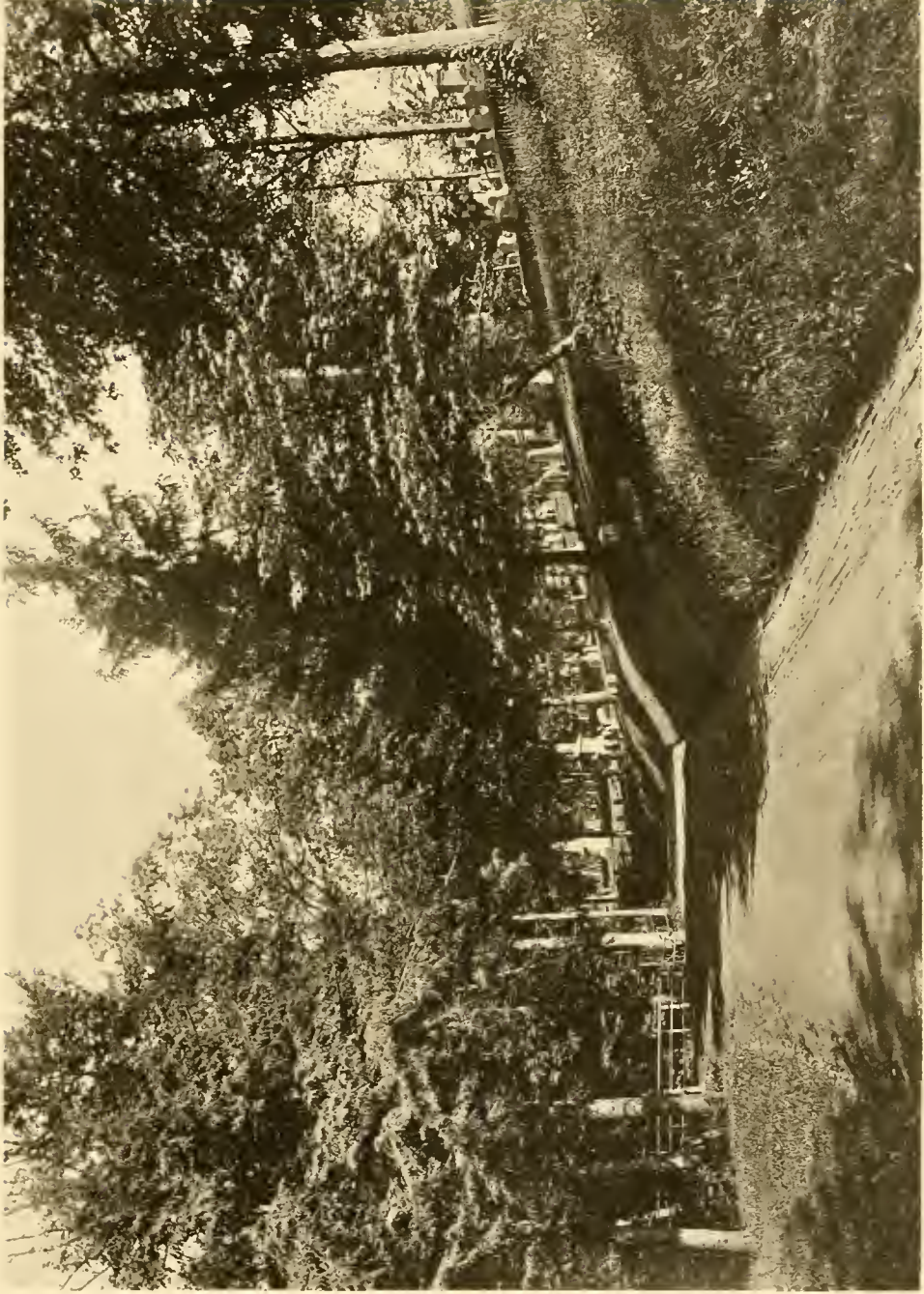
stone, the L. Sprague Parsons and the Warren lots are passed. Then we come to the artistically marked lot of Thomas S. and Robert P. Wiles. One of the stones is red, and bears a medallion portrait; the other is light granite, and each terminates in a Greek cross.

The Anna L. Armsby monument of sandstone is peculiar—an imitation of a stump of a tree, out of the top of which real vines are growing.

On the Gideon Hawley and Alfred Van Santvoord lot (Sec. 9) a sandstone monument that shows traces of age is sacred to the memory of Col. Henry Quackenbush, “who having lived the life, died the death of the righteous on the 2nd of February, 1813, aged 76.” We learn further from the same unimpeachable source that Col. Quackenbush was with Lord Amherst at Ticonderoga, and with Gen. Gates at Saratoga, in the days that tried men’s souls. He was chairman of the Albany committee of safety, a member of the colonial legislature, and elector of president and vice-president. A long list of relatives and descendants whose remains are said to be buried around him ends with “and Nancy his servant, a faithful slave.”

Across Roseland Way, a little to the southwest (Sec. 12), is the granite monument to Dr. James H. Armsby, with a medallion portrait in bronze by John S. Hartley, a pupil of Palmer’s. Dr. Armsby was for many years a leading physician and surgeon in Albany, and with Dr. March was the founder of the Albany medical college, and of the Albany hospital. The Dudley observatory, and in fact nearly every public institution which, during his long resi-





On Ravine Side Way-





dence in Albany, appealed to public spirit, found in him a liberal friend. He was in an eminent degree the patron of struggling art, and the sculptor Palmer has shown his appreciation of his friendship by a memorial bust in Washington park. Dr. Armsby was a trustee of the Cemetery.

Back of the Armsby lot is the Howe-Robinson monument (Sec. 12) of polished Scotch granite with a female figure pointing upward. The James Morrow-Brown testimonial (Sec. 8) is a marble monument with a niche in which is represented the pitcher broken at the fountain. The John and William Reid lot is also in Sec. 8, as is that of Jacob H. Ten Eyck and William E. Bleecker. Just west of the Lloyd-McCaskie granite shaft (12) is the Hendrickson-Meech lot, interesting in that it is the grave of Henry T. Meech, for so many years proprietor and manager of the old Albany museum, a quaint old figure in dramatic history, as utterly unlike the manager of the present day as the mind can well imagine. The Robert Shepard shaft of red stone and the light granite sarcophagus of James Kidd are in the same section, as is also, although in a lot at the left, as we turn into Greenwood avenue, the Fred J. Barnard dark granite sarcophagus, in excellent taste. We pass the Sisson and the Mitchell shafts (13) the Moseley-Ainsworth (8) monument of light granite, then turn to the right, and there, marked with a handsome granite shaft bearing a cross on the side, is the Hastings lot (40) in which is buried Hugh J. Hastings, best known of a large family of newspaper men, for many years editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker*, which he founded on a

capital of \$7.50, and afterwards of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, which he purchased in 1867, and conducted till his death in 1883.

The Chase stone opposite (38) is of the pink Westerly granite and contrasts favorably with any around it.

At the left, eastward, opposite the DeForest marble shaft will be found the modestly marked graves of Ralph P. Lathrop (39) for many years internal revenue collector in this district, and near by that of Thomas Spencer Lloyd whose music has long been sung in hundreds of churches, in this country and elsewhere. A simple headstone bears his autograph which will be regarded with more than passing interest by all who know anything of musical history in the United States.

The Martin L. Cutler granite sarcophagus is here; also the Southwick cottage monument of marble, recording the removal of a number of bodies, in 1866, from Christie street, New York, to this place. Still further east, at the extreme end of the section, is the Lyman Root plat, on which stands a large Quiney granite obelisk, one of the most ponderous in the Cemetery, the single stone weighing nineteen tons. It was one of the first of this kind erected here, and by a pure accident is set exactly according to the cardinal points of the compass.

Directly opposite (38) is the great boulder brought from Mount Hope to serve as a monument for Ezra P. Prentice. It is now covered with vines, and not particularly noticeable, while tasteful headstones have since been erected.

Turning back, passing around the Alexander Greer mon-

ument (39) and going down through Cold Spring Dell, we come in section 37 to one of the tallest and most graceful monuments on the grounds, that of James and Ezra G. Benedict. It is of light granite, artistically cut from base to apex.

Along the Tour is noticed the lot of the present superintendent, Mr. J. P. Thomas (38), where is buried his father, Burton A. Thomas, for thirty-two years the engineer of the Cemetery, which is largely indebted to him, as well as to his son, for many of its beauties. The Avery Herrick lot is neatly marked with modest light-colored headstones, on which the lettering is particularly plain. Next is the dark-colored stone of Dayton Ball.

At the right stands the granite shaft to the memory of Amos Pilsbury (36), for many years keeper of the Albany penitentiary, a man who made the welfare of the unfortunates committed to his care a constant study.

Turn to the right, and in the same section is the lot of Paul Cushman, with a handsome variegated granite sarcophagus, in the form of a cross, and two granite crosses. Opposite, across Fern avenue, marked with a cross of granite, is the grave (37) of Dr. Jacob S. Mosher, whose sudden death, in the prime of life and usefulness, shocked the community in 1883. He was surgeon-general of the state under Governor Hoffman, and from 1870 to 1876 was deputy health and executive officer of the port of New York. His tact, his suavity, his keen perceptive faculties and his sympathetic temperament made him one of the most popular physicians Albany ever had.

The Jones-Northrup monument stands in this section.

## A FOREST NOOK.

" A nook within the forest: overhead  
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,  
Breaking white cloud, blue sky and sunshine bright  
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,  
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool, emerald tint  
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves  
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls  
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand  
Of cunning Nature ! Here the spruce thrusts in  
Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale green points:  
The scalloped beech leaf and the birch's cut  
Into fine ragged edges interlace,  
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts  
Its snowy chalices half brimmed with dew,  
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves  
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.  
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,  
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays  
Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath with drops  
Of richest brown; the wild rose spreads its breast  
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir  
Has dropped its dark long cone.

"The scorching glare  
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt  
For summer's radiant things: the butterfly  
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,  
Fans his rich velvet form; the toiling bee  
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings;  
The robin perches on the bending spray  
With shrill, quick chirp; and like a flake of fire  
The redbird seeks the shelter of the leaves.  
And now and then a flutter over head  
In the thick green, betrays some wandering wing  
Coming and going, yet concealed from sight.  
A shrill, loud outcry—on yon highest bough

Sits the gray squirrel, in his burlesque wrath  
Stamping and chattering fiercely: now he drops  
A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze  
Buries himself within the foliage.  
The insect tribe are here; the ant toils on  
With its white burden; in its netted web,  
Gray glistening o'er the bush, the spider lurks,  
A close crouched ball, out darting as a hum  
Tells its trapped prey, and looping quick its threads  
Chains into helplessness the buzzing wings.  
The wood-tick taps its tiny muffled drum  
To the shrill cricket-fife, and swelling loud,  
The grasshopper its swelling bugle winds.  
Those breaths of Nature, the light, fluttering airs,  
Like gentle respirations come and go,  
Lift on its crimson stem the maple leaf,  
Displaying its white lining underneath,  
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain  
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.  
Such nooks as this are common in the woods:  
And all these sights and sounds the commonest  
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.  
Yet by them pass not lightly; to the wise  
They tell the beauty and the harmony  
Of even the lowliest things that God hath made.  
That His familiar earth and sky are full  
Of His ineffable power and majesty:  
That in the humble objects seen too oft  
To be regarded shines such wondrous grace,  
The art of man is vain to imitate;  
That the low flower our careless foot treads down  
Stands a rich shrine of incense delicate,  
And radiant beauty: and that God hath formed  
All, from the cloud wreathed mountain to the grain  
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,  
With deepest forethought and severest care.  
And thus these noteless, lovely things are types  
Of His perfection and divinity."

In such a nook, amid the shade and sunshine which chase each other through Greenleaf Forest, without so much as a headstone to mark the spot, sleeps the author of the foregoing lines, Alfred Billings Street. It is a place he would have loved ; in all the Cemetery of whose consecration he was the poet, there is no resting place which would have better suited his gentle fancy, his unobtrusive nature. The trees, the flowers, the insects, the birds which he painted with such Meissonier-like patience and fidelity, are all about, while the great world for which he cared but little, and but little cared for him, is typified in the glimpse of smoking industries seen in the distance. It is true he studied law, and wrote a massive tome of political biography ; for a while he found in the care of the state library a congenial pursuit, but it is as a poet that he lived his life, and as a poet he will be remembered, by the few who appreciate his sympathetic fidelity to the minutia of natural objects as they fell under the observation of a mind which found its chief inspiration in the truths of Nature. The lot where he is buried can be located by a pine tree on which is a very matter-of-fact signboard bearing the words "Greenleaf Forest."

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The Van Vechten lot (36) is well situated at the corner of Fern and Prospect avenues. It contains a granite Latin cross mounted upon a high pedestal of the same material, and is the resting place of Abraham and his nephew Teunis Van Vechten, once prominent members of



the legal profession in this state. The former was recorder of Albany, state senator, attorney-general and member of the constitutional convention of 1821. He died in 1837. His grandson and namesake is a trustee of the Cemetery association. Teunis Van Vechten was mayor of Albany in 1837-9, and again in 1841-2.

Opposite, sleeps another mayor of Albany, Edmund L. Judson (35) who filled the office from 1874 to 1876. He was a much respected citizen and stood high in the Masonic order, as well as in the esteem and confidence of all who knew him.

Keeping to the right along Prospect avenue we come to the Tremain lot (35) where rests the Hon. Lyman Tremain, who died in 1878, after having been attorney-general, congressman-at-large, speaker of the assembly, and one of the most eminent criminal lawyers in the state. His monument is a granite cross on a dark-colored granite pedestal. Beside him lies his son, Col. Frederick L. Tremain, who fell at the head of his regiment at Hatcher's Run, Va., February 4, 1865, "in the great conflict for freedom and the union." His monument is of marble, draped, and surmounted with a soldier's cap. Here also is another son, Grenville Tremain, a young and promising lawyer, whose sudden death in 1877 unquestionably hastened that of his father.

A beautiful granite cross, with ivy, and a lofty granite shaft mark the lot in which reposes Archibald McClure, a noble hearted, devoted, philanthropic Christian gentleman, to whose benefactions many an Albany institution is the

grateful debtor. Another cross, with links of bronze, further adorns this lot.

The Peter Monteith monument in this section stands for the grave of another well-remembered merchant. The circular lot ( 34 ), a little to the right, is that of D. D. T. Charles, recently deceased, and as yet has no monument. Opposite is the noble granite obelisk of Douglas L. White ( 34 ) tastefully surrounded with granite accessories. The approach is between two granite urns, well proportioned and in good taste. The headstones in the lot are in admirable keeping with the main feature.

Bending south between the Monteith shaft and the S. H. Cook pillar we come to the Jeffers ( 34 ) column of red Scotch granite, and next to it the well chosen but unmarked lot of Mr. Erastus D. Palmer, the sculptor, whose genius, more than that of any other man, has made both famous and beautiful this Cemetery, of which he is a trustee.

The Boyd lot, with marble copings, is in section 35. The Van Wormer granite figure of a female with wreath of flowers and the massive granite urn of Hugh White are east of the Boyd lot. The "twin brothers" monument to Drs. Robert and Alexander Nelson is seen in 33, nearly opposite a similar shaft to James Wilson in 35. The Nelson brothers were dentists of excellent reputation, long resident in Albany and much esteemed.

Looking to the right along Groveside avenue we note Horace B. Silliman's handsome cottage monument in 34; and not far distant the Lord cross with anchor at the base, and the Mellick sarcophagus of dark granite; then the



VAN VECHTEN.

[Page 110.]



cruciform memorial on the lot of Hon. Abraham Lansing, one of the Cemetery trustees. Opposite (33) are the monuments of Hiram Livingston and of LeGrand Bancroft. Mr. Bancroft was a partner in the law firm of which the late Henry Smith and Nathaniel C. Moak were the other members. He died in 1880.

Without pursuing Groveside avenue any further, turning back we find ourselves on Prospect hill, where, and in the immediate vicinity, wealth has been lavished with unsparing hands in the decoration of a spot which, from its eminence and the views afforded, is to many persons the most attractive in all the Cemetery.

Nearly every lot will repay careful examination, although some of the monuments are simple in their massiveness. Of these is the one on the circular lot (32) of the King family, commemorating Rufus H. King and wife, and their son Col. Henry L. King. Rufus H. King who died in Albany in 1867, aged 73, was president of the Albany Savings Bank, the New York State National Bank, and the Albany Insurance Company, positions which well denote his prominence as a banker and a business man. To his memory there is now erecting in Washington park, a costly fountain for which object \$20,000 was left by his son, Col. Henry L. King who is also buried here.

A wide expanse of country is visible here. The view eastward is circumscribed only by the hills of New England many miles distant rising against the sky in dim outline. A little nearer the productive farms of Rensselaer county turn their green faces to the fructifying sun.

More woodland than seems likely so near great cities adds its darker green to the picture. The slope to the river is at intervals divided by ravines through which we know little brooks are singing merrily. White farm-houses mark the location of happy homes. To the left the great iron-works of Troy and vicinity are evolving clouds of smoke, blue, black and gray. The rich bottom lands of the Hudson with their market gardens are almost at our feet. Steamers glide up and down the river; canal boats creep through their narrow course-way; locomotives with great trains of freight and passengers rush madly on, but the noise does not disquiet us. In this garden of mortality the living are almost as much at rest as the dead, the world so near at hand seems for the moment so far away.

At the left, looking toward the river, is the granite shaft to Daniel Weidman (32), an Albany wholesale merchant; still further to the left the Avery and Arnold monument (36) with female figure, and the simple but impressive shaft of M. V. B. Bull.

To the right of Weidman, and in this vicinity (32), may be seen the following named memorials, all of which will be found worthy of admiration: The marble shaft to Dr. Joseph Northrup and Daniel Ketchum; the granite shaft to Charles W. Kelley; the granite cross of F. W. Vosburgh; the granite sarcophagus to Nathan D. Wendell, a former county treasurer; the Henry Russell monument with its beautiful female figure; the Minch, Cheever, Daniel W. Wemple, Sand and Van Rensselaer monuments; the Center Scotch pillar under a weeping willow;





DOUGLAS L. WHITE.





the cruciform granite sarcophagus of Samuel Schuyler, of towboat celebrity; Dr. Cox's oblong block of beautifully polished granite; Edward J. Larrabee's block of uncut granite, six feet square; the Isaac I. Chapman cottage monument with cross and pillar of Scotch granite; Luther M. Palmer's cottage granite with urn; the Ambrose B. Coates monument; the light-colored granite sarcophagus of Douglas; the massive granite sarcophagus of Joseph Russell; the Towner memorial in excellent taste; the Nathan B. Perry sarcophagus (29); the William W. Reed granite shaft; the James B. Sanders monument (29) crowned with an angelic figure bearing the trumpet of the resurrection.

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The noble column to the memory of Gen. Philip Schuyler (29)<sup>1</sup> demands more than a passing notice because of the man whom it commemorates. It is a Doric column thirty-six feet in height, bearing only his name, date of birth at Albany, November 22, 1733, and death, November 18, 1804, and the fact that it was erected to his memory by his granddaughter in 1870. The lot is surrounded with granite coping, and at each of the four corners is a century plant.

Gen. Schuyler was a prominent figure in colonial history. At the age of 22 he was commander of a company which took part in the battle of Lake George, and he served in various capacities during the French and Indian war which followed. After the peace of 1763 he managed his large private business, which included transporting

timber from his estate in Saratoga, to New York, and the establishment of the first flax-mill built in this country. He represented Albany in the colonial assembly, and was a delegate to the continental congress of 1775, by which he was appointed one of four major-generals, and was assigned by Washington to the command of the northern district of New York. On account of ill health he transferred the command to Gen. Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec in the Canadian invasion. Gen. Schuyler was active in the war of the Revolution, but he and Gen. Horatio Gates did not agree and there was a long conflict between them, which did not end till Schuyler had been tried upon charges preferred by Gates, and acquitted with honor, by court-martial. He was with the army till the surrender of Burgoyne. He served several terms as state senator, and was one of the first two of New York's senators in congress, Rufus King being the other. The paternity of the New York canal system is claimed for him. His residence in Albany was the Schuyler mansion, at the head of Schuyler street, which house for forty years was distinguished for its hospitality, numbering among its guests Benjamin Franklin, Gen. Burgoyne and Gen. Lafayette, and there the body of Lord Howe was taken after his death at Ticonderoga. Gen. Schuyler was at first buried in a vault in Albany. That his remains might have been lost and forgotten altogether, is clearly shown by the following letter preliminary to their final disposal :



Gen. Schuyler's Monument.



RHINEBECK, N. Y., August 27, 1869.

THOMAS W. OLCOTT, Esq.,

*Dear Sir:*—Permit me to address these few lines to you on a subject of exceeding interest to myself. At the funeral of the late Patroon Van Rensselaer I found, to my amazement, that the old family vault had been broken up, and to my greater surprise and regret learned that the contents had all been removed, without the slightest intimation to any member of our family; that metallic cases or boxes had been prepared for the crumbling coffins, and that in one of these the remains of Gen. Schuyler, his wife and son, John Bradstreet Schuyler, had been placed, and interred in the Van Rensselaer lot, a few feet from their centre monument, without note or mark as to the spot, save in the diagram of the lot! Having subsequently ascertained the truthfulness of this statement and having waited a proper time before bringing the subject to the notice of the family, permission has been given to disturb their lot in order to remove these sacred remains to a suitable place.

And now, with the above explanation, I proceed to express the object of this note addressed to you as president of the board of the Albany Cemetery. As the granddaughter of Gen. Schuyler, I do most earnestly desire that a plat of ground should be presented by the board of trustees as a tribute of respect to the memory of Gen. Schuyler, upon which lot I may erect a handsome and appropriate monument, and by this united action preserve to succeeding generations both the name and place where rest the remains of this great and good man of revolutionary fame.

In making known to you my wishes, I am actuated by the one desire to do the greatest honor to Gen. Schuyler, to have the prestige of a gift of respect to his memory, and, as it were, a voluntary expression from citizens of his native city and birth-place to his patriotic worth; and, if I am not mistaken, this opportunity will be cordially accepted, and the beautiful Cemetery will add another object of interest to the admiring public.

With respect, allow me to subscribe myself

Yours truly,

MARY R. MILLER.

(Mrs. W. Starr Miller, Rhinebeck, N. Y.)

At the annual meeting of the trustees held in January, 1870, the following resolutions offered by Judge Ira Harris were adopted :

The name and the fame of Gen. Philip Schuyler have become historic. The memory of no one of the illustrious dead, whose virtues or whose valor have lent lustre to the early annals of Albany, is more rightly revered. In the darkest days of the revolution his steady faith in the cause of liberty never faltered, and ever ready was his response to the call of his country, with his purse, his sword and his services. In the cause which he espoused he deemed no sacrifices too great. Personal wrongs were endured in silence, unjust criticism, most galling when directed against the professional conduct of a soldier, earnest, loyal, skilled in arms, evoked from him no indignant response; flagrant injustice, displayed in the most offensive form, could not for a moment provoke him to intrude upon the public his private wrongs while his beloved country was in danger. But in heroic silence as to self this true patriot, this loyal soldier marched grandly onward to his duties, "stifling his resentment until his country was in safety," and if perchance he fell upon the battlefield leaving to posterity his vindication. Nobly has he been vindicated!

In the dim galleries of the past, where now hang the portraits which commemorate the good, the gifted and the brave who "pledged their lives, their fortunes and their honor" to the cause of liberty in the stormiest days of the American Revolution, no one more deservedly challenges admiration than does that of him who only asks of us a grave. Among all those grand actors in the heroic history of our country, whose shadowy outlines are now but faintly visible through the smoke of revolution and the haze of an intervening century, surely none should be more proudly recognized by the citizens of Albany than Gen. Philip Schuyler.

A statesman, a hero, a patriot, he has consecrated our ancient city, and has bequeathed to this home of his childhood the rich heritage of his manhood's fame. It is fitting then that his memory should be cherished by the institutions of the country which he loved so well and for whose prosperity he had sacrificed so much.

It is eminently fitting that this beautiful city of the dead, so near



to the home where he dwelt while living, and where slumber the descendants of friends and neighbors who stood shoulder to shoulder in the contest of the past, should furnish for his remains a resting place; and it is, therefore, hereby unanimously

*Resolved*, That as a tribute of respect to the memory of Gen. Philip Schuyler, by the trustees of the Albany Cemetery Association, a suitable plat of ground be selected within the grounds of the Cemetery in which may be deposited the mortal remains of Gen. Philip Schuyler of revolutionary fame.

*Resolved*, That such lot, when selected, be dedicated and set apart for such purpose, and that notice thereof be communicated to such of his descendants as may be desirous to erect thereupon a monument to commemorate his name and to direct the footsteps of true pilgrim worshipers of valor to the grave where "a hero sleeps."

*Resolved*, That the selection of a plat of ground suitable for such be referred to Mrs. W. Starr Miller and the standing committee of the Cemetery, who are hereby appointed a special committee for such purpose.

*Resolved*, That these proceedings be published and a copy sent to Mrs. Miller of Rhinebeck, N. Y.

By order of the Board,

THOMAS W. OLCOTT,

CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN,

*President*,

*Secretary*.

ALBANY, January 11, 1870.

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The Corning plat (31) is the largest private property in the Cemetery. It is circular in form and is the crown of Prospect hill. The great cruciform bronze sarcophagus is in memory of Erastus Corning, the elder, one of Albany's most distinguished merchants and capitalists, to which position he rose from a poor boy who sold oranges in the streets of Troy. Mr. Corning was the first president of the New York Central railroad; he was director and a large

stockholder in the Michigan Central, and director and one of the originators of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. He was mayor of the city of Albany, a regent and vice-chancellor of the state board of regents, and a member of congress for three terms. He died April 9, 1872. His son and namesake, Hon. Erastus Corning, is the third and present president of the Albany Cemetery association.

The massive polished granite cross on this lot is to the memory of Gertrude Tibbits Corning. On the arms are inscribed "*Via Lucis*," on the upright, "*Via Crucis*." Beautiful trees adorn this most sightly lot in the Cemetery.

The granite monument of Dr. Alexander Thompson (29), excellent of its kind, is near here, and further along, on Mount Auburn avenue, is the Daniel S. Lathrop tomb of granite, lighted with illuminated windows. Mr. Lathrop, the son of Dyer Lathrop, was a well-known business man of Albany, who died in 1883. He was a member of the car-wheel manufacturing firm of George H. Thacher & Co., and Hon. John Boyd Thacher has written a graceful tribute to his memory. Mr. Lathrop was a trustee of the Cemetery.

The Pruyn lot (30) attracts the admiring attention of all who appreciate refinement and good taste. Besides the beautiful headstones which terminate in crosses, there are two ample and most beautifully lettered tablets of red Scotch granite placed horizontally over the graves of Gen. and Mrs. Robert Hewson Pruyn. Gen. Pruyn served in the various capacities of corporation counsel, member and also speaker of the assembly, adjutant-general, and

United States minister to Japan. He played an important part in Eastern diplomacy and in securing American rights in the land of the tycoon and the mikado. Mr. Pruyn was president of the New York state constitutional convention of 1872, and at the time of his death, February 26, 1882, was president of the National Commercial Bank of Albany.

The Maurice E. Viele plat has as yet no monument.

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It is the generally accepted opinion that in Palmer's Angel of the Sepulchre mortuary art has reached the highest development which it has attained in any age or in any country, and this idea has made the Albany Rural Cemetery a Mecca to which pilgrim lovers of the beautiful journey from afar with expectant eyes and eager anticipations.

They are never disappointed.

It is not to be expected, of course, that any ideal creation will be interpreted by all alike, and there is a difference of opinion as to the expression to be read in the Angel's face similar to that heard in the observations upon the Sistine Madonna, or in the commentaries upon the character of Hamlet; but in all three instances the intelligent critic realizes that he is contemplating a sublime masterpiece of creative art.

To begin with: The theme was worthy of the artist. Read your Bible through and between its lids where is the incident or passage recorded, not merely so full of promise,

but so overwhelming in its assurance of the Christian's hope of immortality as the one here represented? In the hour of the deepest gloom, when even the body of their Lord seemed lost to them forever, behold the Heavenly visitant appears to the weeping women and thrills their souls with the question and declaration which from that hour have rung down the ages, the most welcome words that ever reached a stricken mourner's heart:

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?  
He is not here, but is risen.”

Of all texts of Scripture this surely is the most appropriate for inscription above the remains of those whom we have loved and lost. Forever and forever the great truth, so full of comfort, gathers fresh meaning and new force with every closing coffin, with every rounded grave.

For the sculptor it was an inspiration. How should it be embodied?

If any one will recall the art of twenty-five years ago he will recognize the fact that angelhood had become singularly demoralized. An angel meant a female figure, of course — much spiritualized, of course, and weakened accordingly, till there was little left but sloping shoulders, flat chest, a featureless face, impossible wings and a Grecian gown. So firmly impressed had this idea of an angel become upon men who ought to have known better, that a distinguished divine who happened in at the studio where Mr. Palmer was at work, actually took him to task for representing an angel in the shape of a man, and incautiously asked for his authority. The reply was that there was no

inspired authority for anything else; that from the angel who wrestled all night with the patriarch Jacob to the angel seen standing in the sun by the evangelist John, there is not a woman in all the heavenly throng. And of this angel in particular (if, as is allowable, we adopt a harmonized version of the four gospels), it is said "*His* countenance was like lightning, and *his* raiment white as snow, and for fear of *him* the keepers did quake and become as dead men."

Here then was the idea; an angel, a man angel; a celestial man! The original design of a figure suggested although not specified by the terms of the contract, "not less than four feet high," was thrown aside, and instead of a girl, and instead of a dwarf, there was to be a superb being seven feet in stature. The stone which was such a mountain to the women, he has rolled away from the mouth of the tomb and has just seated himself upon it—alighted, would seem the proper word, so full of airy grace is the pose; the two Marys approach, Mary Magdalene, the most cruelly slandered woman in all human history—and the other Mary. Before their white lips can syllable a single word the Vision propounds the question: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" and again, before they can collect their scattered senses he adds the amazing declaration: "He is not here, but is risen."

One can imagine the wondrous scene in the breaking dawn of that first Lord's day morning on the hills of Palestine—the odor of the forgotten spices mingling with the fragrance of the unheeded flowers, as in the garden of

the resurrection the two women, "last at the cross, now first at the sepulchre," with clasped hands and transfixed eyes, drink in the beatific vision.

The face of the Angel is of wondrous beauty — etherialized, but strangely and strongly human — with an intellectual brow, a forceful nose, full loving lips, an exquisitely moulded chin — a face embodying the strength of a god with the tenderness of woman, and through all, shining the glory of eternal youth, unsullied by care, unspotted by sin — a face that has looked unscathed upon the glory of the Infinite. The primary meaning of the word angel is suggested by such a face — it is that of a Messenger, and a messenger of the Most High, bringing tidings, the immense significance of which he is fully and sympathetically aware. Such an errand is not entrusted to a weakling ; there must be power behind it, power to convey, to enforce, to convince ; and power in noblest form is written in a face as strong as imagination can conceive, and still retain the harmonious beauty of the features.

The position is no more careless than it is studied. One unshod foot is advanced a little below and farther than the other ; the hands, shapely and beautiful, are naturally placed, one palm downward upon the knee, the other clenched and pressed hard against the leg, denoting the intensity of interest which the messenger himself feels in the great mission on which he is sent. As is the case in all the works of Michael Angelo, there is nothing detached, no finger pointing upwards, to be broken off by accident. The single garment is a marvel of grace, seamless and undi-



The Angel of the Sepulchre.  
[By permission of Erastus Dow Palmer.]





vided, caught under the neck and falling over a form anatomically as perfect as the Apollo Belvidere. Every detail is exquisitely carved, even to the nails upon the toes. The hair, long and flowing, is parted on one side, and falls back upon the shoulders from a head quite unequalled in modern sculpture. The throat is full and rounded; the neck like a column of ivory. Most wonderful of all is the management of the wings which seem as much in place as arms or legs, while their feathery lightness is an effect in marble almost incredible.

It is a curious optical delusion that the figure seems smaller when close to it, than it does at a distance, but nowhere does it appear to be as large as it really is — the result of its harmonious proportions.

The London *Art Journal* (1871), in connection with a steel engraving of this statue, said :

“ The figure is of heroic size, and is a production of great artistic power. Exception may, perhaps, be taken to the face as too stern, and not angelic, and yet is it grand in expression and very beautiful. He is seated on the stone in an attitude of dignified repose, his flowing locks reaching down over the upper portion of the wings, and his entire form covered by a garment disposed in its folds and setting with remarkable grace. There is no conventional treatment here; it is the outcome of an original and earnest mind, a statue which the greatest living sculptor might acknowledge with pride as his own.”

A work of art like this belongs to no one man, to no community, to no country — it belongs to the world, and the world has too few such treasures not to prize it as it deserves.

East of the Angel is the handsome, costly and richly traced cottage monument of James A. Wilson (31), with niche in which stands a figure of Faith. It was erected in 1870 to the memory of an Albany merchant and is one of the last commissions executed by Launitz, the famous sculptor. Still further to the left, as we look toward the river, is the granite sarcophagus of Francis H. Tows (31).

Opposite the Angel of the Sepulchre is the granite sarcophagus (30) to the memory of Dr. John Swinburne, one of the most notable physicians Albany has ever known. Called sometimes the "fighting doctor," because of the tenacity with which he defended his rights and his opinions, he treated thousands of cases gratuitously, maintaining for years a free dispensary, at which more than 60,000 people were treated, 25,000 cases being of a surgical nature. He rendered important hospital service during the war. He was appointed health officer of the port of New York in 1864, and Swinburne Island hospital is named after him. During the Franco-Prussian war he had charge of the American Ambulance in Paris and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French government, and also received the Red Cross of Geneva. He was elected mayor of Albany and also congressman.

Rev. Dr. Henry Darling is buried near here. His stone records the fact that he was pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church in Albany from 1863 to 1881, and that he was president of Hamilton college from 1881 to 1891, the date of his death, and bears the appropriate text, "I have kept the faith." The Charles Godfrey Saxe sarcophagus

and the Liscomb marble cross further adorn this section.

Cypress Water is a pretty little pear-shaped lakelet, with an island in the centre. Previous to 1870 it was little else than a swamp, but the skill of Superintendent Thomas has converted it into one of the most attractive features of the landscape. It was formerly largely supplied from the ravine by a hydraulic ram, but later on two or three little streams were made to add their tribute to springs near at hand and the lake is now as natural in its source of supply as it is in appearance.

Near its stem end, if we continue to liken its shape to that of a pear, will be found, in section 33, a grave with the word "Father" and the initials "G. D."—little, indeed, to indicate the resting place of one of the ablest editors of his day. In the Tabernacle Baptist church in Albany a polished granite tablet erected by the Hon. Hamilton Harris thus portrays the character of the man who is nameless here :

GEORGE DAWSON

Born March 14, 1813,

Died February 17, 1883.

His renown as a Journalist, Author and Party Leader:

His eminence as a citizen and statesman ;

His life of probity and spiritual elevation,

Commanded the admiration of all who value  
goodness and greatness.

His labor and munificence in its establishment  
and maintenance endeared him to this church,  
in which he illustrated the nobility of an  
exalted Christian manhood.

Private affection placed this tablet to commemorate  
his virtues and worth.

Mr. Dawson was born in Scotland. He came to Albany as foreman of the Albany *Evening Journal* when it was established in 1830 by Thurlow Weed. From 1831 to 1836 he was the paper's legislative reporter; after that he edited papers in Rochester and Detroit, returning to the *Journal* as associate editor in 1846. He remained such till 1862, when Mr. Weed retiring, Mr. Dawson became senior editor and proprietor, which position he held for most of the time till 1877, and again from 1880 until 1882. He was for six years postmaster of Albany and all his life a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, both in angling itself and in writing about it.

In the same lot with his father rests Major George S. Dawson, of the 2d N. Y., who died December 6, 1864, aged 26, from wounds received in battle before Petersburg. "He gave his life to perpetuate the Union, and to secure freedom to the enslaved." Post 63, Grand Army of the Republic, honored itself by adopting the name of this brave young soldier.

Howard Carroll, colonel of the 105th N. Y., is buried near here.

In the vicinity of Cypress Water the following artistic monuments will be seen: The J. W. Van Valkenburg, of red granite; the Mills granite shaft; the Packard block of uncut granite, and the G. W. Packard sarcophagus; the Wiltsie granite shaft; the sarcophagus to Dr. Jephtha R. Boulware, a much esteemed physician and surgeon; the Douglass cross of polished granite, broad and very handsome—all in section 30.

The Kibbee memorial, in the same section, is surmounted with a figure of a woman in deep contemplation, and having her hand on a wreath. The pose is natural and graceful, and the monument is much admired.

The Fort monument of Hallowell and Westerly granite (28) is of the Italian cottage style, and is crowned with a figure of Hope pointing upward. The Hascy monument bears an angel with a trumpet.

Particularly worthy of admiration is the Godfrey memorial beautifully embodying in granite the idea of Religion consoling Sorrow. One figure is bowed in weeping on the knee of the other, who holds a Bible and is looking upward. The positions, the expression, the drapery are all natural; the whole treatment is dignified, artistic and satisfying. There are few better designs in the Cemetery, and few better executed.

The Brainard granite sarcophagus and that of Dr. Rensselaer Jewett come next and then the Royal Bancroft Gothic memorial.

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On the Gibbons-Mather lot stands a memorial which will bear the closest study and the most intelligent criticism. The design is a cross, eight feet by six at the base, and twenty-one feet high. It consists of three bases, two plain, and the third ornamented with a delicately carved moulding of conventional leaves so unobtrusive that the beholder does not feel that an effort has been made to produce it. Immediately above the base is the die, one of

the first ever designed of a spherical shape, plain and massive, bearing the family record. Above the die is a large panel, which gives a footing for the cross, and contains a most artistic carving of poppies and poppy leaves, the emblem of sleep, while upon a band at the foot of this panel are the words, in rich old church text : " He giveth His beloved sleep." On the other three sides respectively the legend is continued, " Looking unto Jesus ;" " There remaineth a rest ;" " Until the Lord come."

The shaft of the cross is decorated by a carved foliation of " annunciation lilies," which although originally drawn for bronze has become a marvel of accuracy and delicacy, even in the stubborn granite, while the sides are worked in the shape of engaged columns with richly carved capitals, and finials where the calla and its leaves stand out in perfection, with a soft effect, as though moulded in clay rather than cut from the solid rock. Above these columns stretch out the arms of the cross, decorated with conventional carvings, a crown of thorns, beautifully executed, standing out from the centre. The material is a porphyritic granite of a pale gray, with just a faint pinkish tinge, and with a resisting power of 1,900 pounds to the square inch.

This beautiful design stands on the lot of Joseph Mather and his son-in-law George W. Gibbons. Captain Mather, as he was familiarly known, was descended from the distinguished colonial family of Mathers. He was for many years connected with the towing interests of the river, and later was in charge of the Central railroad's affairs at the important station of West Albany, in which





GIBBONS-MATHER.



position \$170,000,000 belonging to that corporation passed through his hands leaving them pure and clean. Captain Mather died in 1884, respected and regretted by all who knew him.

The headstones on this lot are also worthy of careful study as specimens of both originality and good taste, a combination not altogether common.

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The James E. Craig lot ( 27 ) is marked with a high cottage monument of pink granite, very handsome and artistic. The Albert Wing monument carries a female figure with a most expressive face, holding in her arms a book and a cross. The Hinckel figure of Hope is much admired and the lot bears marks of careful and loving attention. The Luke monument of pink granite is here, also the McGarvey granite shaft approached by handsome granite steps. In the rear of these plats will be found the lots of Dr. Robert H. Sabin, Isaac LaFevre and Judge Elisha P. Hurlbut.

Going back to Cypress avenue, at the other side of the little lake, we note section 30, the modest stones on the lot of Dr. Albert Vander Veer, and of the late Dr. Horatio N. Snow. Dr. Snow did good service in the army as surgeon, was health officer of the district of Savannah in 1865, and in 1875 came to Albany where he was active in public affairs as well as in the practice of his profession, till cut short by death.

The heavy horizontal polished granite cross of John F. Roy is in section 28; also the pretty white marble head-

stone on the lot of John F. Shafer; and the John Clinton DeWitt and Simons sarcophaguses are near at hand.

Facing on Mount Auburn avenue, section 29, is the Root family vault of the most substantial granite, very neatly constructed, the doors being highly polished slabs. The present figure is to be replaced with one from Italy.

The Samuel L. Munson lot (28) nearly opposite, has no monument. The John Patton light granite is noticeable as is the P. K. Dederick vault.

We have now reached what is known as the Six Points, at the south-west corner of the occupied part of the Cemetery. On one of the points or corners is the lot of Dr. S. B. Ward (28) containing a pink Westerly granite sarcophagus, highly polished, and of a design which for simplicity without meagerness, is not excelled by any in the Cemetery. It has character, is sufficient but not obtrusive, is enduring and in perfect good taste.

On another corner is the lot of Mr. G. A. Van Allen (122), president of the First National Bank, as yet without a monument, but marked with a great floral bed in the shape of an anchor.

The Gregory granite shaft, tall and shapely (109), commemorates among others, the promising young lawyer, George Stuart Gregory, who died in 1888 at the beginning of a career full of hopeful anticipations. He was the son of Daniel H. Gregory, and a partner of his brother Clifford.

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At the very edge of the cemetery's occupied ground,



THE ROOF FAMILY VAULT.



let us stop at a single unmarked grave, the farthest of any at present writing, on Linden avenue, leading to the southern gate. Look about you, listen, and look again! How still the landscape! How silent the hour! How far away the world! Farthest of all the mimic world we call the Stage! We hear no laughter, no applause; the smell of the footlights is not in our nostrils; the orchestra is hushed; the buzz, the vitality, the magnetism of a great audience is lacking; yet in that lonely grave sleeps one at the sound of whose cheery voice, at the sight of whose merry, handsome face, the lives of millions of his fellow-creatures in this broad land of ours, have brightened into the sunshine of harmless laughter, have grown harmonious and tuneful to the rhythm of sweet sounds, have become gentle and tender in the companionship of children and dogs, and a man who loved them. No actor, the critics say, with no play worth remembering, and no company worthy of the name—only “Fritz,” Fritz Emmet, who dances and yodels and plays with babies, and talks in broken English, and in some way touches the popular fancy in a measure unknown to the art of Bernhardt, or the power of Booth. For twenty years his life was one holiday of success and excess; of adulation and extravagance, of liberality and self-enmity. He created a popularity which even he himself could not destroy, and which, after he is dead and buried, descends upon his son and namesake.

Alas! poor Fritz :

“ Has he gone to the land of no laughter,  
This man who made mirth for us all?”



Not long hence a solid sarcophagus will take its place where thou art sleeping. It may perpetuate thy memory as long as the granite maintains its form, but thy best, thy most touching memorial will be the "Lullaby" which ten thousand mothers croon over their sleeping babies, dreaming, as they sing, of the golden days when life was young, and Joseph K. Emmet was playing "Fritz, Our Cousin German."

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A lofty shaft of polished granite, which no one who visits this part of the Cemetery (109) will pass unobserved, next commands attention. As a reproduction of the Egyptian monoliths of two thousand years ago, without initial, without ornamentation, correct in proportions, dignified, stately and imposing, it is unexcelled. It is the Weed-Barnes-Alden monument, and admirably serves its purpose in keeping alive the memory of those to whom it was erected, particularly of the great politician and journalist who, although he never held public office, influenced public affairs to an extent rarely equalled by any man in any station. For fifty-seven years a journalist, thirty-five of which he controlled the *Albany Journal*, of which he was the founder, Thurlow Weed was active and influential in the nomination of John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, Henry Clay, Gen. Scott and John C. Fremont for the presidency, and in state politics was a power for nearly half a century. The anti-Masonic party of sixty years ago was largely a child of his parentage; and the republican party leaders owed much to his advice and



WEED-ALDEN-BARNES.



counsel from the foundation of the party up to the time of his death in 1882. His home in later life was in New York city, but he always entertained an affection for Albany, where his daughter Emily, the wife of Hon. William Barnes, resided till her death; and for many years he had expected to be laid at rest in the Rural Cemetery.

The following verses, cast in bronze, will be found on a headstone in this lot :

As children wearied with their play  
 Throw down their toys and long for rest  
 Fly to a mother's arms away  
 And fall asleep upon her breast,

Thus, Tawasentha, will my soul  
 Aside its earthly playthings cast,  
 Thus will it own thy soft control,  
 And slumber sweetly here at last.

EMILY P. WEED.

SUNSET, Sept. 8, 1848.

The lofty Frederick Cleveland monument ( 108 ) has a child standing on a pedestal at its foot, and an angel carrying a child, on the top.

On another of the six corners is the lot of the late Daniel Manning ( 27 ), appropriately marked with a massive, but plain, light granite sarcophagus, emblematical of the quiet, unassuming, but thoroughly substantial and trustworthy man who was for many years president of the Argus company, president of the National Commercial Bank, and afterwards secretary of the treasury, under the administration of President Cleveland, at whose earnest

request he left the city of Albany to take so important a part in the national government. While in the discharge of his duties in Washington, his rather delicate health gave way, and a city and a nation, as well as family, were compelled to mourn his loss. Mr. Manning was born in Albany, which city had always been his home. Early in life attached to one of its influential political newspapers, he became in time not only the head of the *Argus*, but a leader of the democratic party in this state. More to him than to any other man did Mr. Cleveland owe his first nomination for the presidency, and his subsequent election as well. Mr. Manning died December 24, 1887, aged 50.

Near by, on the right, looking toward the lake, in section 28, will be noted the lot of ex-Judge and Congressman Thomas J. Van Alstyne, on which is a large sarcophagus of dark granite, simple, but well proportioned and effective, a model of good taste, wholly devoid of ostentation. This monument is cut from the best of Quincy granite, a pure sienite rock composed of quartz, feldspar and hornblende, three of the hardest mineral substances known. Its delicate bluish-gray tint, slightly mottled with black, equals the finest porphyry, and harmonizes with the solemn scenes of the place where it stands. It is large in proportion, its base stone being nine feet four inches by six feet four inches, its cap-stone five feet four inches by four feet four inches, its height eight feet four inches. The plinth and cap-stone are so highly polished as to reflect surrounding objects like a mirror. The intense hardness of the stone



VAN ALSTYNE.

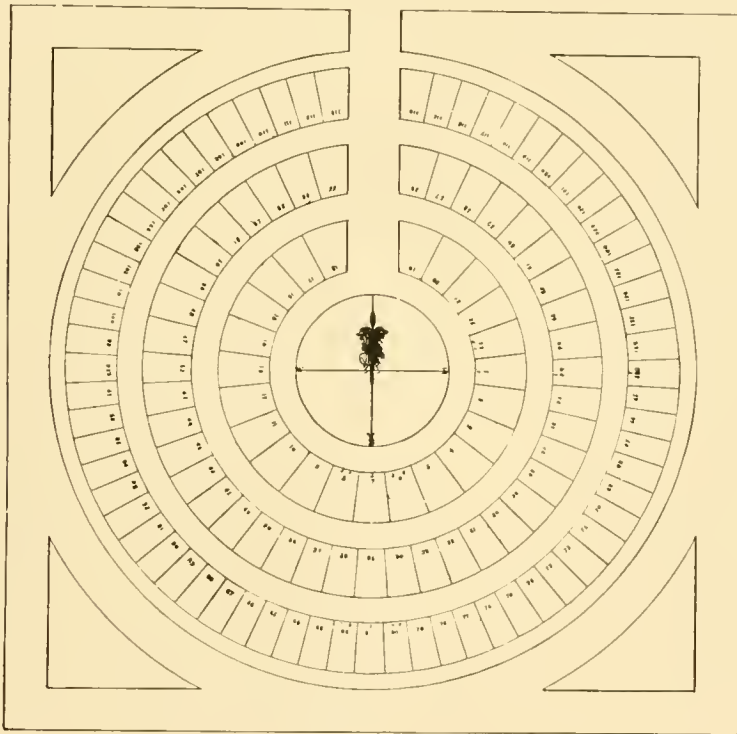




renders the monument comparatively imperishable and impervious to the effects of the weather.

The Walter R. Bush Corinthian pillar is conspicuous in section 28, but its effect is injured by the urn which should have no place upon it.

On the left, in section 27, is the Albany Masonic burial plat, a circle seventy-six feet in diameter, containing 4,536 superficial feet, nearly eighteen lots. It was carefully laid out by Supt. Jeffrey P. Thomas, according to the accompanying diagram, and the chart has been adopted by the board of trustees. There is room for 129 graves.



MASONIC BURIAL PLAT.

The walk surrounding the lot is five feet wide, slated. The outer circular line indicates the lot proper, and the inner portion is at present plain sod, the lines drawn indicating two feet margin next the path; then six feet length of graves, with three feet margin at head; then six feet for graves, and three feet margin; then six feet for graves, with three feet margin; leaving an interior circle eighteen feet diameter, giving ample space for a monument, which will, no doubt, some time be erected.

Going back to Cypress Water, we take Hawthorn avenue westward, passing the Belknap shaft of dark granite (27), the Milwain shaft of red (26), the Regan granite cross, the Jacobson and Romeyn shafts (27) and the Hogan solid monument (26).

We next come to the granite monument recently erected by order of George C. Cook to his father, Adam Cook, long a respected merchant in Albany. It is solid and well proportioned, and bears what is quite uncommon in mortuary sculpture, a life-sized male figure, that of St. John as a young man, with book and pen, looking upward. Nearly all the statues in the cemetery are of women, angels or children, so that the exception is quite remarkable. It is of Barre granite and was designed and erected by the Empire Granite Company.

The Matthews monument has a small angel. The John Akin lot to the left (27) has a large block of unhewn granite with polished panels. The Pitkin monument (107) is on an attractive corner lot, and is surmounted by a female figure looking downward and carrying a wreath.



GEORGE C. COOK.



The Elmathan Sweet and the Converse lots are passed; the Clute-McDowell-Greene monument is a sexagon of red granite; the Laut-Rehlaender is five-sided. Here is the monument of George B. Hoyt, an Albany coal dealer, and for many years member of the Albany board of public instruction.

The Fearey monument is a block of unhewn granite, seven feet high, and nearly square. On the side is carved in bold relief a cross, with passion flower and vine. On one side enough space has been polished to allow names to be inscribed. On the back ivy grows.

Near here is the simple monument erected by the sculptor, Charles Calverley, to the memory of Mrs. Calverley, and bearing her medallion portrait in bronze.

We are now at the western end of the ground occupied on the South ridge, the farthest grave at present writing, October, 1892, being that of Slauson (107).

Turning eastward again by way of the Tour, after traversing some distance we come in sight of a polished granite column (107) crowned with a lyre, erected to the memory of John G. Parkhurst, by his musical friends. Prof. Parkhurst was director of the Albany Musical Association from 1879 to 1887, and did much to stimulate a love of choral music in this vicinity. On one side of the base is the quotation, "Sleeper, awake! a voice is calling, it is the watchman on the walls."

The Roraback and Brace M. Gallien stones are near here. Turning to the right through Oakland avenue the Cramer and Murphy lots are passed, and we come to the

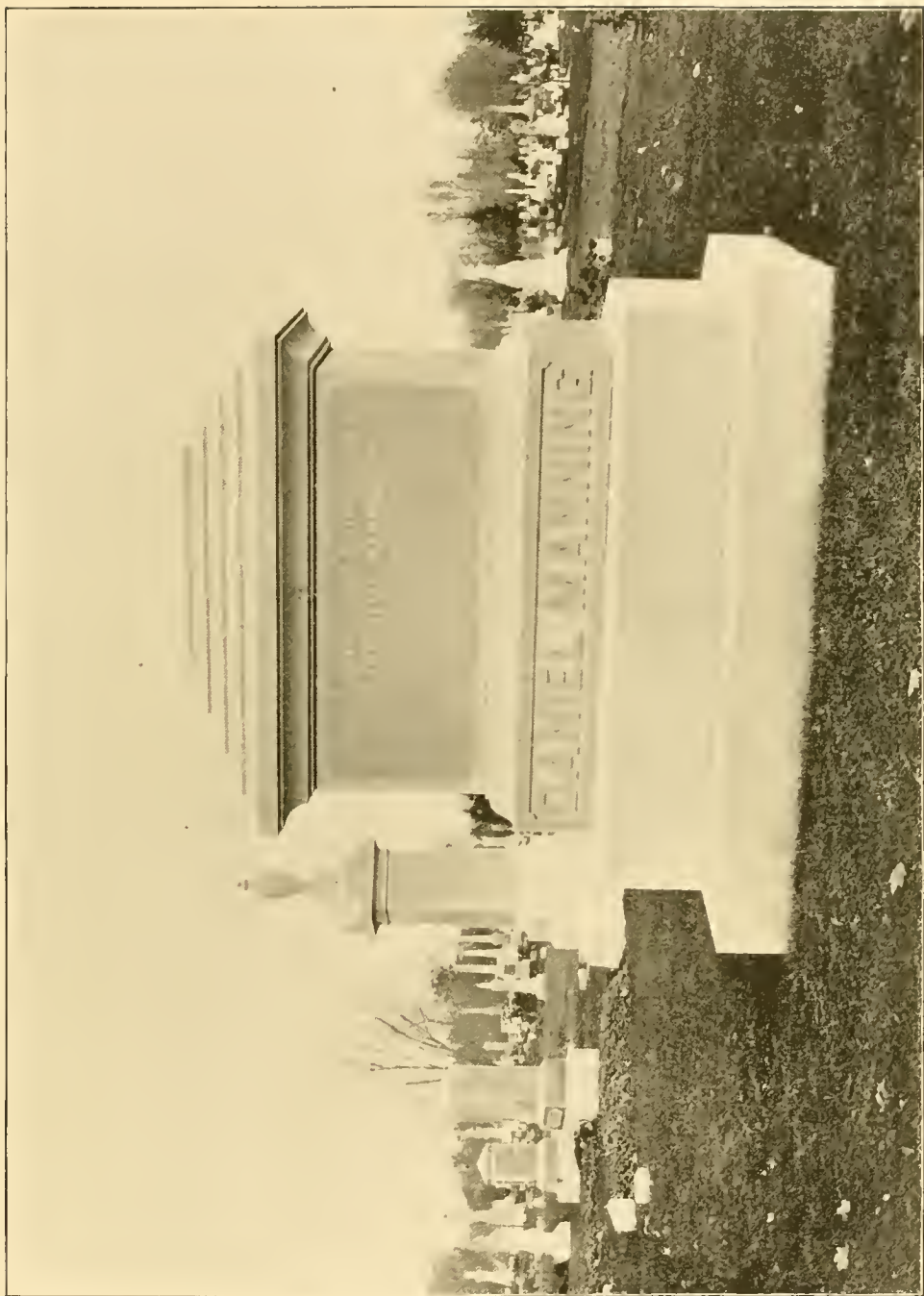
rather striking cottage monument of dark granite with vase in the centre, belonging to Michael Schrodt.

This brings us again to the tall Pitkin monument, and passing the Wolcott sarcophagus (26), on the opposite corner, we re-trace our steps along Hawthorn avenue and to Cypress Water, then to the left, keeping to the right of the LaGrange monument (43) which is approached by handsome steps and bears a granite cross on a high pedestal of the same material, both highly polished. In the same lot is also a handsome marble monument with classic urn.

Next will be found the grave of Michael K. Bryan (43) who fell at the head of his regiment, the 175th N. Y., at Port Hudson, June 14, 1863. He was the first to take a regiment across the Long bridge into Virginia. The spot where he lies is marked with appropriate emblems, a cannon, sword, accouterments, and the flag. Opposite (42) is the grave of another soldier, Lieut. James Williamson, 177th N. Y., who also fell before Port Hudson, May 27th, of the same year.

The William Russell monument with draped urn (42), and the Rossman granite octagon (43) are in this vicinity. The Jacob Leonard circular plat is surrounded with granite coping, but has no monument. The Dr. Stephen Munson lot opposite (42) is also without a monument.

Turning to the right into the Tour, we note the Fraser cottage monument (42) and opposite the modest headstones of Squire Whipple (41), the first practical constructor of iron truss bridges. The Mills shaft of dark granite is passed. In the rear is the lot of Gen. John G.



DANIEL MANNING.  
[Page 11]





Farnsworth, a trustee of the Cemetery; also a headstone to Stephen C. Hutchins, for many years connected with the Albany newspapers in an editorial capacity.

The large granite in section 42 is to the memory of Gen. James C. Rice, who was killed May 10, 1864, at Spottsylvania, in his twentieth battle. His last words written to his mother upon the opening of the campaign were: "One cannot fall too early, if, having Christ, he dies for his country." And when dying: "Turn me over; let me die with my face to the foe."

Opposite the Roessle granite shaft (41) is the Jenkins Van Schaick lot, and next to it that of Judge William L. Learned (one of the trustees of the Cemetery), having upon it some beautiful headstones. One is to the memory of Phebe Rowland Marvin, the first wife of Judge Learned; another to the memory of his daughter, Mary Marvin Learned, wife of John DeWitt Peltz; another to the memory of Philip Peltz, a son of John DeWitt Peltz. Sarah S. Anderson, a faithful nurse of the family, also rests beside those who were her constant care.

Near here also is the granite shaft erected by the congregation to Rev. John N. Campbell, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Albany for thirty-four years (1830 to 1864). He was chaplain to congress in 1820, and for some time was pastor of a church in Washington. For twenty years he was a regent of the university of the state of New York, and wrote a good many of their annual reports. "As a preacher he was pungent, logical, eloquent; as a minister of Christ, faithful unto death."

The expensive Fowler granite (41), the Bogart marble and the Talcott cottage monument (42) are seen.

Turning sharp to the left through Forest avenue, we pass the Henry H. Van Dyke red granite (40) commemorating a state superintendent of public instruction (1857-61); the Martin Vosburgh and Sternbergh lots; then the plat of Philip Phelps, born 1789, died 1876, and Hannah Mascraft, his wife. Mr. Phelps was deputy state comptroller for nearly fifty years, receiving his first appointment from Gov. Marcy. Here is also a slab to John S. Phelps, a soldier of the revolution, born in Hebron, Connecticut, August 10, 1779, died June 15, 1812; his wife born in Coxsackie, November 11, 1761, died April 27, 1841.

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Now we reach the last resting-place of one who loved books and flowers, who was the best of friends, the gentlest of gentle-men—a cultivated mind, a sensitive nature, a noble soul; a skilled physician who died too soon—Dr. Cornelius Ducl Mosher.

“Green be the turf above thee!”

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A little beyond is the Gansevoort-Melville-Hoadley lot, the Hoadley stone bearing that apt quotation from Mrs. Barbauld:

“Say not ‘Good night,’ but in some brighter clime,  
Bid me ‘Good morning!’”

John Chipman Hoadley, whom this stone commemorates, was a civil engineer and inventor who ranked high as an

expert in all relating to mechanical and engineering questions. He died in Boston, October 21, 1886. Allen Melville was secretary to the American legation in London, and died there in 1832. He was a brother of Herman Melville, the author and traveler who died recently, and their mother is also buried in this lot. Their maternal grandfather was Gen. Gansevoort, the hero of Fort Stanwix.

In this same section, near Evergreen path, will be found the lot of Dr. John W. Bay, where are buried six generations, among them Dr. Samuel Stringer, and his wife who was Rachael Vanderheyden. These bodies, prior to 1869, lay in the Stringer or Treat vault on Swan street near Washington avenue. Dr. Stringer was Albany's most prominent physician in the 18th century. He was a native of Maryland. In 1755 he was appointed by Gov. Shirley an officer in the medical department of the British army. He accompanied Abercrombie in 1758, and was present when Lord Howe fell at Ticonderoga. He settled in Albany, marrying into the old Vanderheyden family, and when the revolution began was appointed by congress director-general of hospitals in the northern department. He is believed to have been the family physician of Gen. Philip Schuyler. He was the first master of Masters Lodge, F. & A. M. in 1768, '9, '70 and '71. He died July 11, 1817, aged 82.

The Lemon Thomson monument (41) is in imitation of a tree on which is nailed a scroll. Where the branches are cut off are the names of the children.

The Thomas McCredie (40) granite shaft, with its Scotch thistle, is a notable landmark. Mr. McCredie, who died recently, had been a resident of Albany for over fifty years, during which time he came to be one of the leading maltsters of the United States.

Back of the William P. Irwin marble shaft (41) will be found a lot marked with the evidences of culture and good taste, and containing several graves, among them that of Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer of Burlington, N. J., born 1808, died 1860, son of Stephen and Cornelia Van Rensselaer. He was a missionary to the slaves in Virginia in 1833-5, and secretary of the Presbyterian board of education in 1846-60. Capt. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer, who died in the service of his country (1864), is buried here; also the wife of Gen. Edward Burd Grubb. The Cuyler Van Vechten sarcophagus of marble is in this section.

Passing the Wendell Scotch granite shaft (40), and going nearly back to Cypress Water, turning around the La Grange plat and passing that of Gansevoort-Ten Eyck (43), we see, a little way to the left, the lot of St. Andrews society (26) marked by the St. Andrew cross of granite on a substantial granite pedestal, erected in 1891, and given by Thomas McCredie, "a native of Glasgow." It bears conspicuously the Scotch thistle and other appropriate emblems.

Passing the Griswold lot (26) and keeping along the Tour to the left past the Bradt and the Gage lots we come in full view of the monument of Rev. Mr. Schwartz (102), a former rector of Grace Episcopal church, Albany, a



WOOSTER.





Celtic cross of Barre granite, twelve feet in height and well-proportioned, standing in what may be called a clerical section, as back of the Schwartz lot is a headstone to the Rev. Selah W. Strong, pastor of the South Reformed or Jermain Memorial church in West Troy for fourteen years. On the left is the grave of Rev. H. L. Starks, forty-eight years a minister of the Troy conference, who died June 20, 1882.

Turn now to the right and the Sill, the Burgess and the George W. Luther (102) lots are noticed as we pass to that of Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D.D., on which stands a red granite monument on a gray granite pedestal, surmounted with a marble angel. Rev. Dr. Clark was pastor of the First Reformed church in Albany from 1862 till 1883. He was an eloquent preacher and the author of many religious books.

Turning to the right we see the monument of B. W. Wooster, on a circular lot (24) ornamented with many handsome trees. This has long been regarded as one of the most noteworthy marbles in the Cemetery. It is an octagonal pedestal richly ornamented with vines. On the pedestal stands a figure of Hope, looking and pointing upward, while at her side is the anchor sure and steadfast. The figure was made in Genoa, Italy.

The grave of Robert L. Johnson (25), a well known business man and trustee of the Cemetery, is denoted by a simple sarcophagus. We pass the Aiken granite shaft near by (44) and we also note the Simcox (25), the McBride and the Slack memorials.

Once more at the Leonard circular lot we turn northward to the left, through Roseleaf avenue, and leaving the McCredie shaft on the right, come at once to the Tibbits-Pratt (44) lot with its massive headstones of dark granite. The monument on this lot to Col. George W. Pratt is a granite cross on an uncut granite pedestal, upon which, at the foot of the cross is carved a sword. He was colonel of the 20th N. Y., and died at the age of 32 from a wound received at the second battle of Bull Run. Bleecker Tibbits is buried here.

The A. R. Gray uncut granite block (40) is opposite this lot and next is the granite shaft to William N. Strong, a well known wholesale dry-goods merchant, who died in 1889. A dainty bit of marble also adorns this lot (13).

Looking to the right, down Lawn avenue from this point, is seen George A. Woolverton's imposing monument of dark granite (15), the E. D. May marble, and in front of us the granite shaft to S. H. Ransom, who died in 1889. He was for a long time one of the leading stove manufacturers of Albany, having begun as a clerk for Joel Rathbone in 1833. He was a Cemetery trustee for twenty-four years.

Turn now to the left and there, on the corner (14), enclosed in a hedge are the graves of the direct descendants of Killian Van Rensselaer, the first patroon, who in the seventeenth century acquired title to land in this vicinity extending twenty-four miles up and down the river and twenty-four miles from the river each way, east and west. The last patroon, Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, born 1764,



THE WESTERN LODGE  
[Page 171]



died January 26, 1839, is buried here, as are his son and namesake, born 1789, who died May 25, 1868; Stephen Van Rensselaer, born 1824, died 1861; Bayard Van Rensselaer, born 1833, died at Pau, France, January 12, 1859. Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer married a daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler. He was state senator in 1791-6; lieutenant-governor in 1795-1801, served several terms in the assembly and in congress. He took an active part in the war of 1812; was one of the first to advocate a canal between the Hudson and the lakes; was chairman of the canal commission for fourteen years; was chancellor of the university, and founder of the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute in Troy.

On the right are the Edson marbles (15), two sarcophaguses with crosses, and a headstone is to the memory of the wife of John L. Worden, Jr., commander of the Monitor in her great fight with the Merrimac. The Sidney Alden sarcophagus and the Richard J. Story monument are passed and then we come to the Scotch granite with urn, erected by the eccentric Mary McPherson in memory of her father, mother and brother. Mary also lies here, after making provision in her will by which the beautiful statue to Robert Burns was erected in Washington park. She died in 1886, aged 82. Opposite is the queer little sandstone to Capt. J. Cooke.

Keeping to the right we pass, in section 21, the Jefferson Collins, Knowlton, David Mattoon, J. R. Frost, Samuel Rankin, Chester Packard and (on the right) the Watson monuments, and notice particularly the large granite monu-

ment with angel and anchor, to J. J. Austin (a Cemetery trustee), and the marble with urn to Jeremiah Austin, the lots being surrounded with coping. The James D. Jones red stone is passed; the Cowell lots are here (20), the Feltman marble, and the Dalton block of red sandstone (21) around which we keep to the left and come to the grave of Gen. John S. Dickerman, the genial, witty, public-spirited auctioneer and hall-manager whose death was all too soon. He fought death bravely and cheerfully till the last. "General," said a friend to him one day, "you are not looking well; why don't you go south for the winter?" "No," was the reply with a sad smile, and pointing towards the Rural Cemetery, "I'm going north."

Next to him lies John Elmendorf, for many years the agent of the Day line of steamers, and part proprietor of the once famous Windsor restaurant in Maiden Lane.

Around the curve is the Lewis marble, and here lies Col. Henry M. Galpin, 121st N. Y., (18) his monument an imitation of a pile of stones on which are the names of battles in which he fought, and cannon, flag and sword.

Going straight ahead we see in section 21, the marble cottage monument of Theodore M. Amsdell and beside it the granite shaft of George I. Amsdell, his brother. Thomas P. Way, a Mason of high degree, is buried opposite (22). The Dr. Van Vranken polished granite and the John G. Treadwell lot are on the corner.

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We now turn towards one of the most interesting and artistic monuments (24) in the Cemetery, erected to the





The Angel of Sorrow.





memory of Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first president of the United States, born October 5, 1830, died November 18, 1886. The lot is not a large one, neither is it conspicuous. It was purchased by the president's father, Rev. William Arthur, and there he and the president's mother, wife and son are buried. It was right and best, of course, that Mr. Arthur should sleep among his kindred, and his grave was made there before any testimonial was projected. This is the free, cheerful, almost unasked for contribution of his friends, resident largely in the state of New York. With few words, with little publicity, and no solicitation, a handsome sum of money was promptly raised, sufficient to pay for the monument and also for a statue in New York city. The whole proceeding was conducted in the generous, gentlemanly way so much in accordance with the life and manner of the man whom it was thus sought to honor.

The monument, which cost \$10,000, was designed by E. Keyser, of New York city. It was set up June 15, 1889. It is approached by white granite steps, the pedestals of the balustrade thereto having bronze urns resting on them. It is a dark granite sarcophagus, larger at the top than the bottom, perfectly plain and highly polished, resting upon two pieces of a lighter colored granite, also highly polished. The upper surface of the sarcophagus resembles a four-sided roof. There stands at the northwest corner, in heroic size, a bronze Angel of Sorrow placing upon the sarcophagus a palm leaf. Her left arm is extended along the top of the structure and the palm

leaf, held in the hand, sweeps over the remainder of it and falls beyond the southern end. The right arm hangs listlessly downward touching one of the bronze wings. It is as if a wind were blowing, and pinions, hair and branch all are swayed by it in one direction. The face wears a touching expression, deeply and tenderly sympathetic and the attitude denotes complete absorption in the feeling thus exemplified.

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We now pass the Joseph B. Zeiser granite (22), and further on the lot of John Robe (103); then turning up the hill and to the left we retrace our course to the Feltman lot, around that to the left, past the lot of Samuel N. Bacon, then to the left past the great Cruttenden granite cross (18). In the King lot, west of Cruttenden, is the grave of Robert Henry King, and on the stone a representation of a medal presented to him for "personal valor as a landsman on the picket boat No. 1, at the destruction of Albemarle, October 27, 1864. In the Cruttenden lot is buried Leverett Cruttenden, who died in 1838. He was for many years the keeper of Congress Hall, and was celebrated the country over as a host, both of that caravansary and subsequently of the Eagle tavern. His establishment was the resort, especially, of the legal talent of the day, and his annual Feast of Shells was solemnized by the presence of prominent men from all parts of the country.

In Oakwood forest we see on the handsomely adorned lot of John H. Van Antwerp (16) a granite pedestal marked

with gilt letters, whereon is a marble angel holding a wreath; also near the main monument a seated figure bowed in grief beside an urn.

Opposite is the James A. Gray sarcophagus of pink Westerly granite (18) and next the cross on the grave of Henry James Ten Eyck, a young journalist who had made his mark in his profession, and was rich in the promise of usefulness and success, both in newspaper and literary work.

The cottage monument of Barre granite with a marble figure of Hope is on the lot of Alfred Mosher, of West Troy. Opposite is the Robinson sandstone, and further east the Quincy granite monument with urn, of Albert Goodwin, one of the best simple designs we have noticed.

Here are the Campbell monuments (18) one to Duncan Campbell, and another bearing the following inscription:

"The young men of the city of Albany, in their grief for his too early removal, have erected this monument to Daniel Campbell, a man who loved humanity as most men love their nearest kindred, and who sought as his only riches the blessings of the needy." The monument is of Italian marble, and on the reverse side will be found a bas-relief, by Palmer, representing Grief, a bowed female figure, suggestive of the betrothed one whose heart was broken forty years ago.

The massive square monument of granite is to Hon. Ira Harris, one of the great legal lights of the state of New York. He studied law in the office of Ambrose Spencer, began practicing in Albany, was assemblyman for two years, senator two years, a member of the consti-

tutional conventions of 1846 and '67; justice of the supreme court for twelve years, and United States senator during the war (from 1861 to 1867). He was for many years president of Union college, and one of the founders of Rochester university. He died of paralysis December 2, 1875, aged 73. The lot stands in his name and that of his brother, Hon. Hamilton Harris.

The Westerly granite on the Tillinghast lot (16) is remarkable for its symmetry from base to apex, and is considered one of the best in the Cemetery.

Now we come to a section (17) occupied by four families: Hun, Adams, Reynolds, and Dexter. Dr. Edward R. Hun is buried here; also Judge Marcus T. Reynolds, for twenty-six years one of the leading members of the Albany bar. He died July 13, 1864, aged 77. George Dexter, who died in 1883, also rests in this spot.

Opposite on the right is the James lot (16) filled with the old fashioned red sandstone monuments. William James who came to Albany in 1793, and became a successful merchant, is the central figure in the group and around him are buried many of his descendants and connections. Among them is Isaac Edwards, formerly dean of the Albany Law school. He died suddenly, in 1879.

Looking eastward can be seen the handsome Wallace cottage monument with small pillars of Scotch marble and a female figure strewing flowers; the light granite sarcophagus of Dr. Bigelow and Thomas P. Crook (12); the Isaac McMurdy marble and the granite sarcophagus of John J. Hill.

Turning now to the right into the Tour, the Dr. William Bay lot (15) has a number of headstones and on it are six Garrison slabs laid horizontally, said to cover members of a family who left their money to this much esteemed physician. Dr. Bay died in Albany in 1865, aged 92. He had practiced medicine for 68 years. Further along we note the marble monuments of Dr. David Martin and Samuel Hamilton. On the right, an Italian marble shaft to William G. Weed, an Albany lawyer (16).

Next is the cottage marble monument to Rev. Dr. Peter Bullions, born in Scotland 1791, died 1864, in Troy. From 1824 to 1848 he was teacher of languages in the Albany academy, and was the author of a series of classical textbooks which were extensively used forty years ago.

Hale Kingsley's lot has no monument to the memory of that once active republican politician. It is opposite the Josiah Gillespie sandstone (15); then comes the urn-shaped sandstone to Giles W. Porter (16). The Cary-Emerson lot is surrounded with a hedge and bears a pedestal supporting an angel with wreath of flowers. Next we pass the Burhans and the Bradford-Chase marble shafts, the Matthew Wallace marble with urn, the Hawkins granite high cottage monument surmounted by a figure of Hope, the Long & Silsby marble cottage monument, and on both sides the avenue, the Mix family are buried.

The Bayeux monument of red sandstone (16) was erected by the Albany Burgesses Corps to Capt. Thomas Bayeux, "to commemorate his worth as a man, and his merits as a

soldier and commander for which he was highly distinguished and esteemed." He was born in Poughkeepsie, and died, June 4, 1844.

Back of this lot is a monument to two brothers, who died in battle: James L. Dempsey, first lieutenant 34th Mass., mortally wounded, October 13, 1864; and John M. Dempsey, first lieutenant 43d N. Y., died May 6, 1865, from wounds received in the assault on Fort Fisher before Petersburg. He was a member of the Albany Burgesses Corps. The stone is made up of military and patriotic emblems, and bears the inscriptions: "Our country needs true soldiers," "Our lives are in our Maker's hands," and "My country needs my service and shall have it." Opposite the Payn marble monument is also the grave of Col. Edward Frisby, of the 30th N. Y., who fell in the second battle of Bull Run. A marble headstone with an eagle marks the grave.

William Manson, who furnished many of the stones in this Cemetery, is buried in section 16. He died in 1887. The pink Westerly granites of Charles G. Craft (20) are among the neatest to be found anywhere.

Turn now to the right, and we pass on the left the lot of Rev. Truman Seymour (18), with many graves radiating from the principal stone. From this point it is best to retrace ground already covered, down Greenwood avenue, past the Sanford marble in section 18, until we arrive in sight of the Adam Van Allen sarcophagus of pink Westerly granite (18). Mr. Van Allen, president of the First National Bank, died August 11, 1884, aged 71. He had been identified with Albany interests for nearly



half a century. He was once in the assembly, and for three years was treasurer of Albany county.

The lofty obelisk (19) of Quincy granite tastefully emblazoned on the east side, is to Luther Tucker, founder in 1826 of what is now the Rochester *Union and Advertiser*, the first daily established west of Albany; and of the *Country Gentleman*. Mr. Tucker died January 26, 1873.

In the Newton lot, at the right (11), with its Quincy granite, are buried the first wife, four maiden sisters, the mother and other relatives of Isaac Newton, a famous naval architect, who constructed some ninety steamboats and was the founder of the People's line of steamers.

On a circular lot (11) a large and imposing canopy of marble covers a marble sarcophagus to the memory of Robert M. Seymour who died in 1849.

The loftiest and one of the most expensive shafts in the grounds is that to the memory of Dyer Lathrop (11), surmounted by a figure of Hope, in itself twelve feet high. This fine memorial is not as effective as it would be in a larger lot, and in a better situation, but it will always attract attention. Mr. Lathrop died in 1855, aged 67. He had lived in Albany for over forty years, carrying on all that time a mercantile business. He was treasurer of the Albany orphan asylum and that institution was frequently indebted to him for help in time of trouble. His daughter married the Hon. Leland Stanford, and it is to the memory of their son that Senator Stanford presented the state of California with \$20,000,000 to found at Palo Alto the university which bears his name.

Close to the Lathrop monument is the William Newton shapely shaft of granite.

A little east of the Lathrop lot is the marble shaft to the memory of Judge Rufus W. Peckham, and his wife Marie, who died at sea by the sinking of the steamship *Ville du Havre*, November 22, 1873. Judge Peckham was a native of Albany county; for two years he was its district attorney, and one term he was its representative in congress. He was defeated for attorney-general by John Van Buren by one vote. In 1859 he was elected justice of the supreme court, and in 1870 to the court of appeals. The last known words of the judge as the ship went down were characteristic of his whole character: "Wife, we have to die; let us die bravely," and clasping her loved form in his arms, they and 224 others went down into the abyss together.

Almost opposite (19) is the marble monument to the good and gentle William McElroy who died in Albany November 16, 1887, aged 91.

In this same secluded spot is the circular plat of Billings P. Learned (11) with an octagonal pillar of granite. On one of the headstones is the touching inscription: "Wife, I thank my God upon every remembrance of you." Mr. Learned was educated a lawyer, having graduated from Yale in 1834, but for over thirty years and till his death in 1884, was president of the Union Bank of Albany.

Samuel Hand is buried here, near a canopy of pink granite. The inscription reads: "The darkness is past, and the true light shineth." Mr. Hand was a distinguished lawyer,



DYER LATHROP.

Page 161.]



appointed in 1878 a judge of the court of appeals to fill a vacancy, but soon resumed his very large practice. He died in 1886.

Close by the rippling stream "where he could hear the brook," is buried Marshall Tebbutt (19), a well-known Albany undertaker, under a sarcophagus of Barre granite.

Going back up the hill and around the Tucker monument, along the Tour, we pass the Jacob Henry (18), the Lloyd-Dickson, the Thomas H. Herring (19) the William L. Woolett (architect) lots and come to the cottage granite monument of Bradford R. Wood, a member of the 29th congress, and minister to Denmark in 1861. His son, John Hampden, is buried here.

On the right (19) is the granite monument with cross to Gen. John Tayler Cooper, who died in 1878, after being for years one of Albany's social landmarks. Here, also, is the grave of John C. Nott, one of the most popular men of his day in fraternal and political circles. He was the grandson of President Nott of Union college, and his mother was a sister of Gen. Cooper. He served with honor as police justice, and as county judge of Albany county (1884-1889). He died in 1890.

"The graves of the Bridgens" (18) are on a steep slope, and thus designated by a thick marble slab. One of the Bridgens was surrogate of Albany county in 1822.

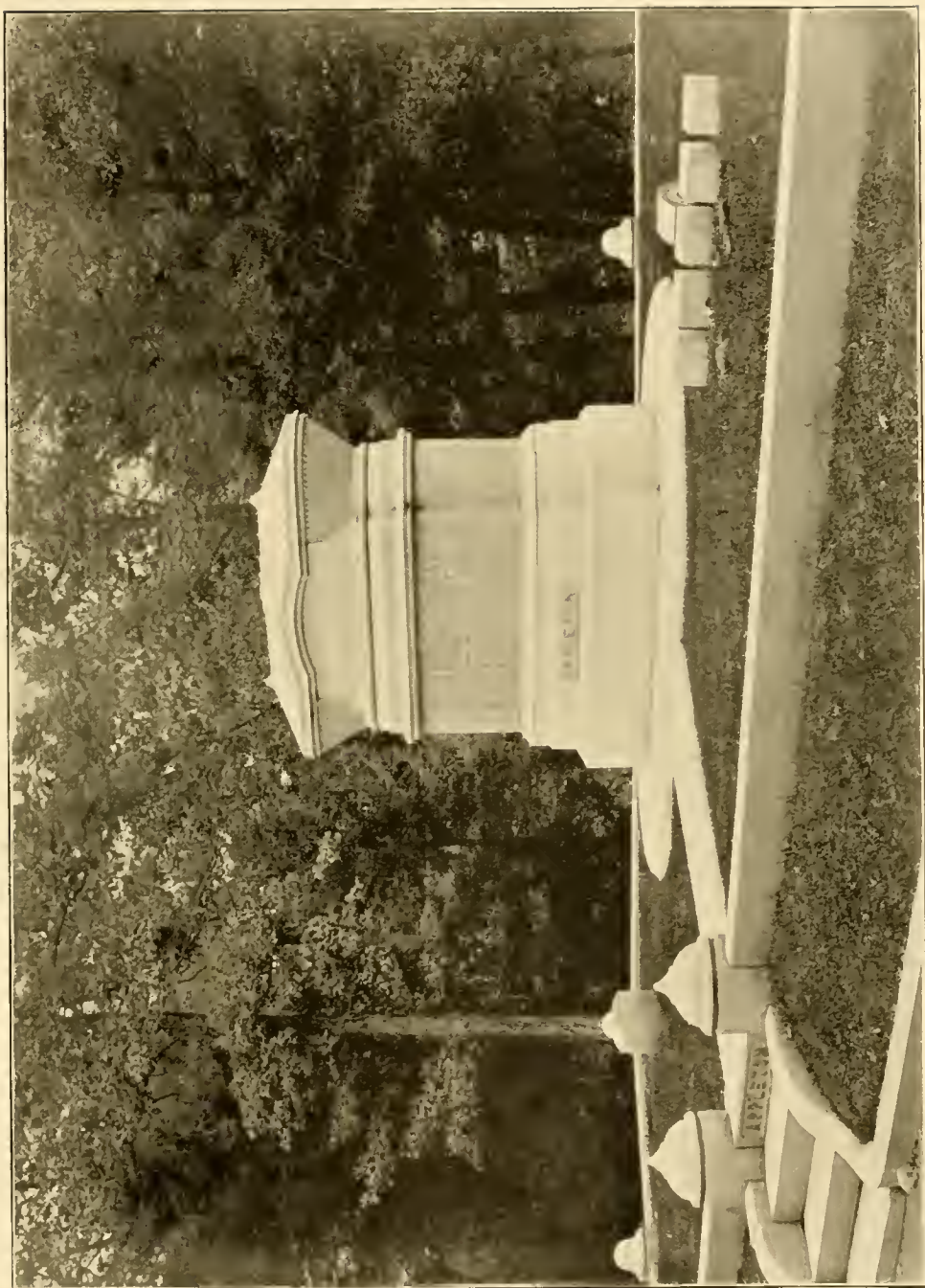
Opposite is the pedestal and urn of sandstone to John V. Henry (19), a distinguished lawyer who died in 1829; also the grave of Rev. T. F. Wyckoff, who died in the West Indies in 1855, aged 34.

Further along in the hillside are the Brinckerhoff-Pumpelly, the Stanford and the Pester-Osterhout vaults (18).

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Beautiful for situation is the William Appleton plat (19), in a natural amphitheatre with hills all around from which can be caught glimpses through the foliage of a massive sarcophagus of solid granite. Granite coping also surrounds the ample lot, from which a path leads down to the very edge of Lake Tawasentha, on which it borders. Here sleeps with other members of his family, William Appleton, who for many years was one of Albany's most respected citizens. Mr. Appleton was a native of England. He came to Albany in 1832, and began business as a dealer in grain. He soon became known as one of the best judges of cereals in the state, a qualification which was largely instrumental in his success in business. He owned a large line of barges plying between New York and Albany, acquired large holdings in real estate, and ultimately was connected with many banks and corporations, in all of which he was an important factor. He was a man of public spirit, indomitable perseverance, and the most sterling integrity; was a devoted husband and father; benevolent without ostentation, and kind and considerate towards his employees and business associates. He died in 1883, aged 72. His son, William, a popular young man, rests beside him, having been cut off in early manhood.





WILLIAM APPLETON.





## THE MIDDLE RIDGE.

Crossing the little stream, we find at the left, a large enclosure (45), with several notable monuments, and many interesting associations. The Spencers are buried here, father and son. Ambrose Spencer, the elder, was a resident of Albany from 1802 till 1839, during which time he was attorney-general, justice of the supreme court, chief justice, member of the constitutional commission, member of congress, and mayor of the city. Three Mrs. Spencers are buried beside him, one dying May 18, 1807, one September 4, 1808 and the third August 26, 1837. His third wife was the sister of Governor DeWitt Clinton. John C. Spencer, son of Ambrose, was even more active in public affairs, and particularly in politics. Like his father, he served in both houses of the legislature, and was speaker of the assembly in 1820. He was appointed public prosecutor in the famous Morgan abduction case, out of which grew the anti-Masonic party. He was secretary of state, and superintendent of common schools, and in 1841 was appointed secretary of war under Tyler, and subsequently transferred to the treasury department. Until 1852 he was a power in the Whig party, but after that time withdrew from politics. He was one of the commissioners appointed by Governor Clinton to revise the statutes of the state, and is regarded as having been one of the ablest of American lawyers. His monument is a handsome marble shaft.

In the same enclosure is the John Townsend monument of marble, with granite base ; and another marble monument to Isaiah Townsend, one of the foremost citizens of Albany. These two brothers were merchants in this city when the century was young. They dealt in iron, and became interested in many manufacturing enterprises here and elsewhere. John Townsend was mayor of the city in 1829-31 and 1832-3. He married a daughter of Ambrose Spencer, and died in 1854. Isaiah Townsend died in 1838. A granite anchor in this plat is the appropriate testimonial to his son, Capt. Robert Townsend, U. S. navy, who died in 1866, aged 46, at Chin Kiang, China, while in command of the U. S. S. Wachusett. He entered the navy in 1837, served during the Mexican war, and took a distinguished part in the department of the Gulf during the rebellion. Captain Townsend married Harriet Munro, of Elbridge, N. Y., of a well-known family ; their son Robert also lies buried here. Here also are buried the remains of Dr. Howard Townsend and two of his daughters. He was a distinguished professor in the faculty of the Albany Medical college, and married a daughter of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last patroon. Here also lie the remains of the wife of Gen. Franklin Townsend, the daughter of the well-known banker, Mr. Rufus H. King of this city. Mr. Henry H. Martin, a banker and business man, who married a daughter of Isaiah Townsend, is also buried here with others of his family. So are the children of Gen. Frederick Townsend, one a much beloved daughter of fourteen. At her grave



TOWNSHIP



stands a singularly handsome granite Maltese cross, in the centre of which a Latin cross is cut through the stone, with the beautiful result that when the sun is in the west there falls upon the little grave, not the shadow, but the sunshine of the cross.

Here in the hill-side is the John De Puyster Douw tomb (52), guarded by two iron lions. The Quackenbush marble is seen on the right. We now pass up the hill and find ourselves on the Middle ridge, in the vicinity of the Davis, Wharton and Boyd marbles (51). Still further to the left is the new Western lodge, just completed.

Beyond the lodge on the right are the church grounds (49), as they are called. Here are interred the remains that were removed from the old State street burial ground. This was accomplished in 1868, preliminary to the laying out of Washington park, and was largely due to the efforts of Peter M. Carmichael, who as a member of the common council was very active in the movement which may be said to have originated with him in 1866. It took considerable time to get the churches to consent to the arrangement, but they did so at last, and the bodies were removed by contract, the total expense to the city, including cost of grounds in the Rural and St. Agnes Cemeteries, being \$48,315.

There are few monuments here, but there are many slabs which have been laid horizontally. The inscriptions are some of them curious, and more are sad, read as they are

now amid the evidences of neglect and forgetfulness, common to graves of those whose friends are also all beneath the sod, as is the case with the great majority of those who lie in this part of the Cemetery.

The Blunns of West Troy are buried in the lot (51) around which we turn backward to explore further the Middle ridge. The Hamilton cottage marble monument surmounted by a female figure is noted in the same yard (52) with the James Roy marble headstones, each with a cross; and the Roy sarcophagus of marble with horizontal cross. The Eights marbles and the Cobb granite obelisk are near by. The James A. McKown lot is without a monument. The John Scott sandstone, handsome in its day, is so no longer. The high marble sarcophagus to Robert Boyd (died 1867), attracts attention by its altitude, and the Alexander Gray monument by its coat of arms, a lion rampant. The M. N. Mead vault is crowned with the figure of an angel. In the Lyman J. Lloyd lot sleeps one of the old business men of Albany. The Chapin and the Ben Hoffman marbles are passed, and opposite the former is the granite shaft to Amos Dean, LL. D., author of a History of Civilization, in seven octavo volumes, and a leading spirit in the organization of the Young Men's Association of Albany, the oldest of its kind in the country.

The prominent granite temple covering an urn full six feet in height and, surmounted by a bronze medallion, by Palmer, framed in granite, is to the memory of Dr. Alden March, the eminent surgeon, a practitioner in Albany for nearly fifty years. Thirty years of this time he was at the







THOMAS W. OLCOTT.

head of the Albany Medical college, of which, with Dr. Armsby, he was the founder and benefactor. He was also a trustee of the Cemetery.

The Cochran-Walter lot is to the left (53), a horizontal slab recording the death, May 12, 1846, of Rev. William Henry Walter.

At the right (54), on a handsome granite headstone is read the New England name of John Cotton Mather, born 1813, died 1882. A little further on is the Raymond cottage marble designating where Benjamin C. Raymond and family are buried. On this lot stands a granite cross of exquisite proportions in memory of Cornelia Caroline Van Vechten, wife of George B. Raymond, and daughter of Abraham Van Vechten. Underneath the record stands out the always touching aspiration: "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

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Now we come to the lots of the Olcott family. On the left (53) upon a finely cut bluestone base rests a simply fashioned pedestal, cut from the finest Hallowell granite, and from it rises a plain square equiform shaft of the same material about twelve feet in height, which is surmounted by a cap with a base bearing Egyptian scroll work and with a pyramidal apex. Just below the coping is a bronze medallion portrait by Palmer on a square bronze background. It is a striking likeness of Thomas W. Olcott, to whom, with Rev. Dr. Welch, the Cemetery owes its origin. Mr. Olcott was the second president of the association, a position he held for more than thirty

years; and from its inception he was a most devoted friend and indefatigable worker in its interests. The estimation he placed upon the enterprise is well expressed in the words of the original appeal made in its behalf by him as chairman of a committee to procure the necessary grounds:

“We have made many improvements to augment our wealth and importance; let us be able to point to one work, which we may say has been begun and prosecuted to gratify our taste, our social affections and our higher moral sentiments.”

It was this feeling that led him to devote so much of his time and thought to the advancement of the Cemetery's interests, notwithstanding his activity in business, politics and public affairs. He was the president of the Mechanics and Farmers' Bank for forty-four years; for a long time was United States pension agent; was president of the Dudley observatory, and an active trustee in the leading educational institutions of the city. He died March 23, 1880. His wife, who was Miss Caroline Pepoon, died in 1867. The monument in itself is plain and simple, with a wreath of oak leaves, signifying the sturdy integrity of the great financier, whose features will always make this memorial an object of interest. The plat contains a number of graves, and among them room has been found for Rosanna Vosburgh, born June 17, 1800, died 1884, “for sixty-three years a faithful colored servant,” in the family.

The Alexander Marvin marble sarcophagus, on the right (54), is surmounted by a cross; back of it is a granite







AMASA J. PARKER.

monument to John Pitkin Norton, and near by a marble shaft to Richard Marvin.

Next is the Thomas Olcott plat which contains three monuments varying widely in design : One is an octagon marble ; another a granite combination of sarcophagus, headstone and cross ; and the third a cottage monument of marble. The latter is interesting as a specimen of Palmer's early work. The bas-relief represents the ascension of the mother who is met in the air by two little angels, her children gone before. On the monument is a nude statue of Love or Remembrance, writing. This is quite unlike anything else in the Cemetery, and has attracted attention for many years.

On the brow of the hill overlooking the lake (54), is a lofty granite cross of New Hampshire granite, erected after designs by Gibson. It suggests Moorish architecture, Christianized by interweaving the sacred monogram in the artistic cutting. It is inscribed :

Fideli

Certa

Merces

PARKER

This is the grave of Judge Amasa J. Parker, for many years a leading jurist of this state, and one of Albany's most respected citizens. He was in the legislature in 1834, and in congress in 1836. From 1844 till 1847 he was circuit judge and vice-chancellor, and was then elevated to the supreme court bench. He resumed practice in



1855, afterwards holding no office except as member of the constitutional convention of 1867-8, although twice receiving the democratic nomination for governor. He was a regent of the university and held many positions of honor and of trust, not the least being the custodian for twelve years of the Harmanus Bleecker fund, which was devoted by Judge Parker to the erection of the public hall in Albany. He died May 13, 1890, aged 83. His wife, Harriet Langdon Roberts Parker, died June 27, 1889, aged 75.

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In the Delavan-Ransom lot (53) is interred Edward C. Delavan, famous throughout the country in the early half of the present century. He was originally a wine merchant and acquired quite a fortune, but becoming convinced of the evils of intemperance, turned his own costly wines into the street, and devoted himself to the temperance reform, speaking, writing and publishing. At one time he owned much real estate in Albany, including the Delavan house, which he erected and ran for a time as a temperance hotel. He died January 15, 1871, aged 78.

The William Fowler cottage marble monument (54) next attracts attention. It commemorates also Rev. Philemon H. Fowler and others. Keeping to the right we see one of the few memorials here erected by other than the family—that to Lewis N. Morris, brevet major U. S. A., who fell September 21, 1846, at Monterey, in command of the Third regiment, U. S. infantry, while leading it to the assault. The monument is of sandstone and is a cannon

standing on its mouth upon a pedestal, with flag draped and hanging from it; and other national and military insignia. "Erected by citizens of Albany to commemorate the gallantry of the soldier; the worth of the man." The Ford sandstone is in the same lot.

To the left rises the Dunham marble shaft with cross (55); and next to it a shorter one on which is inscribed among many other names that of Carleton Edwards who died September 20, 1862, aged 33. He was from 1853 to 1856 editor of the *Albany Express*, and subsequently connected with the New York press.

We turn down the hill to the right, following the Tour, leaving at our left the Mead canopy monument of marble enclosing urn (56). Near by is a marble seat. John Meads is buried here. The Cemetery had few more constant admirers. For years, when the weather was fine, he was an almost daily visitor.

We note the Allen marble cottage monument (55), and to the right the Barent Sanders lot (54) crowded with monuments in marble of various designs. Near by sleeps William Hurst, after whom Hurstville is named.

In this little valley into which we are now come (56) rests the Hon. Daniel D. Barnard, the orator of the opening of the Cemetery. He died in 1861; his wife, who sleeps beside him, in 1876. The headstone is of granite and there is a cottage monument of marble to Barnard-Walsh-DeWitt-Stevenson. Mr. Barnard was a native of Sheffield, Mass., was elected district attorney for Monroe county in 1826, subsequently was elected to congress,

went abroad, returned and settled in Albany, served in the state legislature and again in congress from 1839 to 1845. From 1850 to 1853 he was United States minister to Prussia. For thirty years he occupied a prominent position in this state.

Further along is the Bender lot and back of it, the Addison Low headstone of polished granite and bronze lettering of antique pattern, and then we come to the granite octagon shaft on a massive pedestal to George H. Thacher, mayor of Albany, 1860-2, 1866-8, 1870-4. Mr. Thacher for many years was one of the substantial men of the city, having risen from a poor boy to both honor and riches. He died in 1887. He was the father of Hon. John Boyd Thacher who was also mayor of the city, and is now a Cemetery trustee.

The Green and Black granites are noticed, and back of them the gothic tablet of sandstone to Leonard Kip, born 1778, died in Hartford, 1846.

Several lots along this lovely road by the ravine are occupied by members of the Van Rensselaer family: Solomon, died 1852; Richard, born 1797, died 1880; William, died 1855; Bernard, died 1879; G. W., lost at sea 1857. Marble shafts and granite sarcophaguses mark the different spots.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer was a brave and dashing soldier, who, raising a volunteer company of cavalry joined Mad Anthony Wayne in the Miami campaign, and in a fight with the Indians in August, 1794, at Maumee Rapids, was shot through the lungs. A litter was sent to take him off the battle-field, but he would have nothing to do with it.

"How do you expect to go, you young dog?" roared General Wayne. "I am an officer of cavalry," was the reply, "and I am going on horseback." "You will drop by the roadside," said the general. "If I do," said this stripling of 20, "just throw a blanket over me and let me die." But he didn't drop, and he didn't die. Riding his own horse, on which he was lifted, and with one of his own company on each side, he was supported five or six miles to a place of safety, and in due time recovered from what was supposed to be a fatal wound, to lead the assault on Queens-ton Heights, October 13, 1812. Being the first of 225 men to spring ashore he formed them under a heavy fire, climbed the bank and drove the enemy, at the point of the bayonet, but finally fell with several wounds. He lived to be a member of congress, and from 1822 to 1839 was post-master of Albany. His daughter Catherine, wife of Rev. S. W. Bonney, who died June 29, 1891, is buried here.

Opposite the bridge crossing the glen is a high polished granite shaft to Alexander and William Orr. Leaving the bridge down the hill and keeping to the right we pass the granite cross of Joseph B. Taylor and of John Taylor (57), names long associated with the brewing interests of Albany. John Taylor was mayor in 1848-9.

The Spalding-Robbins light granite (62), tall and graceful, is at the left; and here is buried Col. Edward A. Springsteed of the 7th N. Y. artillery, killed in battle at Ream's Station, Va., August 25, 1864. On the right in the hill-side, is the E. C. McIntosh marble vault (62) with winged hourglass.

We are now on the borders of Consecration lake, so called because the ceremony of the consecration of the grounds took place here.

Passing downward to the left we note in solitary loneliness the Yates-Satterlee tomb (62).

The pretty road soon leads us out into sight of the world again, and the chapel, whence we take Bower Hill Way up the hill, noting on our left the E. L. Pasco granite cross and the Charles McIntosh marble images (62). The Draper lot has no monument. The William C. Smith light granite sarcophagus is handsome. The Cowell-Clark shaft of marble is passed and we arrive at one of the most notable objects on the ground—the Burden vault (61)—erected in 1850. Its elaborate marble tracery and its dogs of marble have long been subjects of much comment. In front of the tomb a great marble book lies open upon a marble desk or pulpit with marble cushion and tassels. On the right hand page of this book we can read, by ascending two steps, the following:

Sacred

to the memory of

HENRY BURDEN.

He was born in Sterling Shire,

Scotland, April 22, 1791; died

in Troy, Jan 19, 1871.

Endowed by Providence with an intellect  
marked by strength and originality,  
he early formed a taste for the study  
and application of the laws and forces  
of Nature, and became the author of  
several mechanical inventions which  
have served to lighten human toil and

promote human happiness  
 The Results of his Creative Genius  
 are known in all parts of the civilized world  
 and have secured for him a high  
 place among the benefactors of the race.  
 Commanding in person, honest in his  
 dealings with his fellow man; affable  
 in social life, liberal in his benefactions,  
 Refined and loving in his family, with a  
 simple faith in his Redeemer he closed  
 his useful life on earth, and has entered  
 into the rest which remaineth for the  
 People of God.

On the left hand page is the following communion inscription:

Sacred  
 to the memory of  
 HELEN,  
 wife of  
 Henry Burden.

She was born in Sterling Shire,  
 Scotland, Feb 13, 1803, died in  
 Troy, March 10, 1860.

Noble in person, refined in manners,  
 prudent in counsel, faithful in friendship,  
 generous in benevolence, sincere in religion,  
 With all the virtues in happy combination  
 she beautifully adorned the relations  
 of Daughter, Sister, Wife and Mother,  
 and has left an example worthy of  
 study and imitation.

---

" A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort and command  
 And yet a spirit still and bright  
 With something of angelic light."

" Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her."— Prov. xxxi.

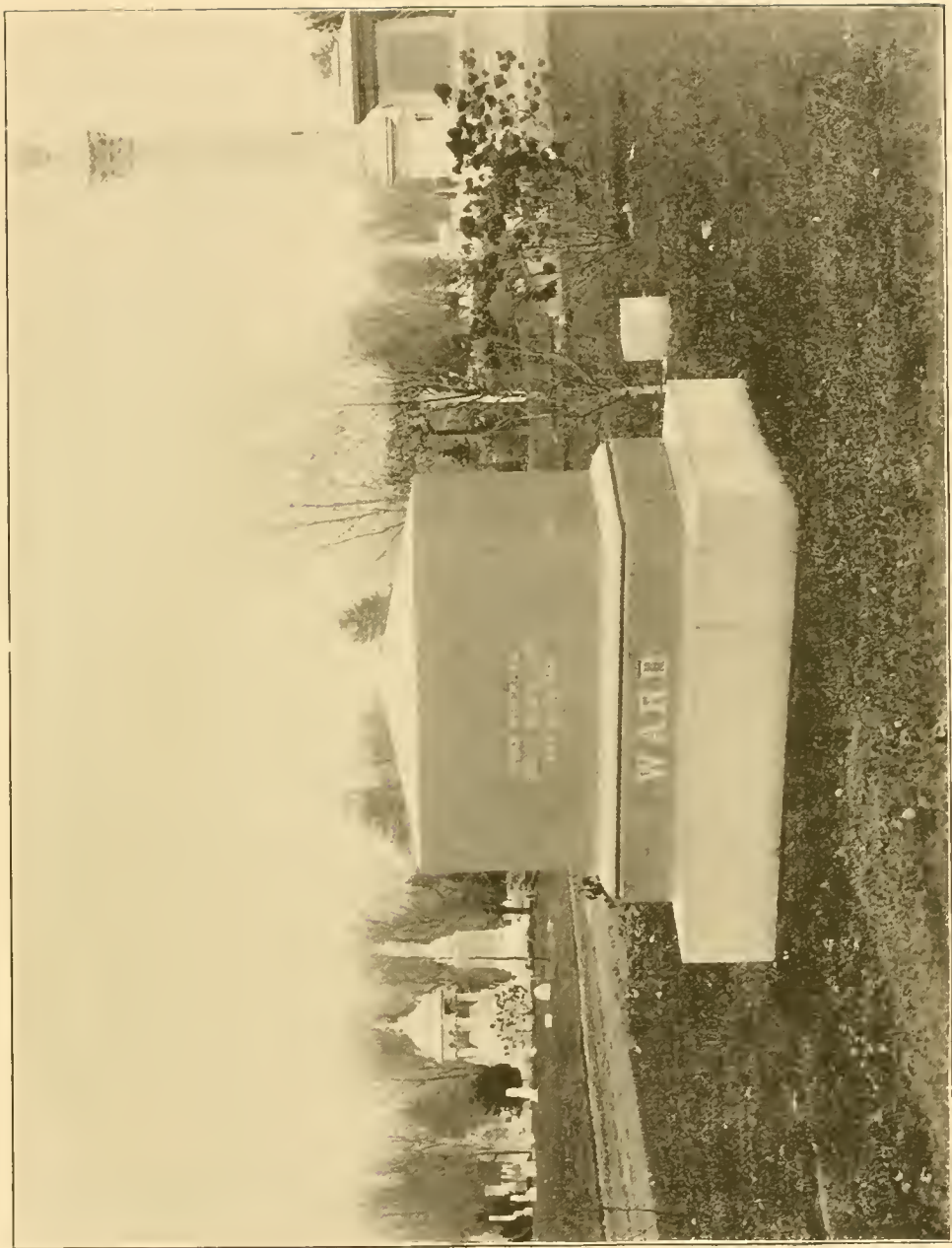
Mr. Burden chose to be an inventor before he came to this country, and prepared himself therefor by a thorough course in Edinburgh. He began with agricultural implements, and was fairly successful, patenting the first cultivator invented in this country. In 1840 he invented a machine for making hook-headed railroad spikes, without which it is difficult to see how the progress of railroad building could have been so great, for spikes could not have been made by hand fast enough to supply the demand. His greatest success, however, was a machine by which a rod of iron could be turned into complete horseshoes at the rate of sixty shoes a minute; that is, a day's labor of two men accomplished in sixty seconds. Mr. Burden obtained patents for this invention from nearly every government in Europe. The works at Troy, which can be seen from the spot where he lies, became among the most extensive in the world.

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The Shibboleth B. McCoy vault is at the right, and in this direction is the grave of Capt. John A. Morris, of the 7th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, killed while leading his men into action at Spottsylvania, May 19, 1864; also the graves of two brothers, Ashley T. and Augustus Vaughn who died in the war; and of Hugh McDonnald (60), for many years employed in the State hall.

A monument much criticised is that of Ozias Hall (61). It is of marble with sandstone trimmings of an umbrella shape giving it the effect of a Chinese pagoda. Just





DR. SAMUEL B. WARD,  
[Page 138]



beyond is the simple sarcophagus to Edward Newcomb, an Albany lawyer still well remembered.

Turning back, and to the left of the Burden lot, we note the military monument to Capt. John Wilson, 43d N. Y., who died in 1864, of wounds received while repelling a charge of the enemy in the battle of the Wilderness.

Opposite, on the hill (611), are the granite monuments to Townsend and Isaac Fondey; one of them almost an exact copy of the Marcy monument which we shall see further on.

The octagonal sandstone, tall and shapely, erected by Blandina Dudley to Charles E. Dudley in 1863, is interesting for several reasons. Mr. Dudley, who died in 1841, aged 60, was mayor of Albany in 1821-4 and 1828-9. He was also state and United States senator. His wife, Mrs. Blandina, daughter of Rutger Bleecker, from whom she inherited great wealth, founded the Dudley observatory, in 1852, giving \$105,000 to that object, which also found a warm friend and earnest helper in Mr. Thomas W. Olcott.

This monument has a special interest to the Anneke Jans claimants, who, at one time, were active in their efforts to obtain untold millions from Trinity church, in New York city. Among several inscriptions are the following, the one in relation to Anneke Jans having been care-

fully copied many times as part of "the celebrated case:"

Under	Jan
the	Jansen
Middle	Bleecker
Dutch	came
church	from
in	Meppel
Hudson st.	Province
are	of
deposited	Overysse
the remains	Holland,
of our	to
ancestors	America
taken	A. D.
from the	1658
old church	
in State st.	Married Margaret
	daughter
Among them	of Rutger Jacobson
are those of	& grand-daughter of
Anneke Jantz	Anneke Jantz Bogardus
Bogardus,	———1667———
Jan Jansen	Mayor of Albany, A. D., 1700
Bleecker	His son John
& Rutger Jacobson	succeeded him as
who laid the	Mayor of Albany, 1701
Corner-stone	His 2nd son Rutger
of the old church	was Mayor of Albany
above-named, A. D. 1656.	A. D. 1726-27-28.

Charles Edward Dudley born May 23d, 1780 at Johnson's Hall Stafford Shire England, Baptised in the parish church of Eccles hall by the Rev. Dr. Catlow, Departed this Life Jan 23 1841 at his residence in the city of Albany with the Christian's blessing, Beloved and Honored by all. He has exchanged his mansion on Earth for a more enduring one in Heaven in the hope of a blessed Immortality.

Blandina Bleecker relict of Charles E. Dudley born Oct 1, 1783 died March 6, 1863 aged 80 years & 5 months.

Mary Ann only sister of Charles E. Dudley died Dec 12, 1806 at New York Aged 23 years Her remains were placed under the old Dutch Church now Post-office N. York.

Opposite the Anneke Jans monument, as it is popularly called, is seen in the Vanderpoel-Van Buren lot (62) an Italian marble cross with sculptured ivy, in memory of John Van Buren, son of Martin and Harriet Van Buren, born February 10, 1810; died at sea, October 13, 1866, on the voyage from Liverpool to New York. "Prince John," as he was called, played an active part in politics for a time; was popular and handsome, and held high rank as a lawyer. He was attorney-general in 1845-6.

It is not generally known that a lot in the Cemetery stands in the name of Martin Van Buren himself, the eighth president of the United States, but such is the case, and it may be found just east of the Van Buren cross (62), a small triangular plat on which a tree is growing and beside it a cedar post about two feet high. Nailed to the top of the post is a coffin plate of copper on which is engraved:

Roger Skinner  
Died 19 Aug, 1825  
Aged 52 ys & 2 mos.

This is said to be the grave of a law partner of Van Buren's for whose last resting place he made provision by purchase of the lot and removal thither of the remains.

We now climb Bower hill, noticing on the Burton lot (61) a monument to Otis Allen. The B. F. Smith sandstone occupies a commanding position (59), around which we keep the Tour to the right, past "the family of the Souldens" with its row of seven marble urns at the head of seven marble slabs (61). Rev. Rodman H. Robinson, D. D.,

who died in 1886, is buried on the right, and A. P. St. John who died April 23, 1875, on the left (59). Near by is the lot of J. W. Morange approached by marble steps and containing two simple crosses. Next is the Mounsey lot full of unmarked graves. The Cobee and the Dennis granites, the Gibbs, the Witbeck and the Silliman-Finch lots are the most notable along here until we come to a lot sloping towards the ravine, on which are horizontal slabs of polished granite over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Gorham A. Worth (60). Mr. Worth was both a banker and a man of letters. He was at first teller in the Mechanics and Farmers' Bank, afterwards cashier of the United States Bank in Cincinnati, and for the last thirty years of his life president of the New York City Bank. He died in 1856; his wife in 1861.

The lot of Gen. John F. Rathbone (60), a trustee of the Cemetery is yet without a monument.

We keep to the left, passing around the Trotter lot (59); leaving the Waldron sandstone and the Egbert Egberts marble (58) at the right. Mr. Egberts was the father of the knitting business as carried on to so great an extent in Cohoes, and in other parts of the country. He, with Timothy Bailey, started the first mill at Cohoes in 1832, the invention of the machines being kept guarded for some time under careful lock and key. To-day there are twenty-five of these mills in that city alone, giving employment to over 4,000 hands.

We soon come to the James Goold and Samuel Vail and Cutler lot with its heavy granite; then the Jared Holt

marble shaft; the granite to Rev. Oscar H. Gregory, D. D., died 1885; on the left a monument and urn to William T. Rudd; on the right the Lobdell, the Meneely, the Fraser, the Tucker and the Mather marbles; on the left the Hitchcock shaft, the Haswell cottage monument of marble, the Platt granite shaft, the Lawrence and the Washburne marbles, the George L. Jones granite and others, including one to Capt. A. M. Hitchcock who died in 1883 (all these in 58 and 59). Then we come to the oval lot in which is interred Ezra Ames, a portrait painter, who died in Albany February 23, 1836. He attained considerable local celebrity as an artist, and was also at one time president of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank. His son Angelo Ames, who died in 1886, is buried here.

At the right is the Rufus King Viele family lot with a marble cottage monument. East of the Ames lot are the Fitch-Cusack-Salisbury marbles, and the Schuyler lot filled with many graves around a tall marble pillar (59).

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Close to the ravine on the south (62) is the grave of William L. Marcy denoted by a large granite stone with urn. No man filling a larger place in history sleeps in the Rural Cemetery. Soldier, editor, lawyer, politician, adjutant-general, state comptroller, justice of the supreme court, United States senator, governor of the state of New York for three terms, secretary of war under Polk, secretary of state under Pierce, he was regarded not only as an expert tactician, but as a statesman of rare administra-



tive ability. He died in Ballston Spa, July 4, 1857, being found lifeless in his library with an open book before him. Mr. Marcy was the son-in-law of Benjamin Knower who formerly owned the Middle ridge, and his executor, and it was from him that the Cemetery association acquired title to the land. In early life Mr. Marcy was a frequent visitor to this particular spot, and he often alluded to the pleasure he had taken here. After the Cemetery was established he frequently expressed the wish to be buried in the spot where he had spent so much time in reading and in contemplation, and this desire was accordingly fulfilled. His funeral procession was over two miles in length, twenty-seven military and seventeen fire companies participating in the obsequies. The monument to Governor Marcy was designed by his friend Palmer, the sculptor. It is simple, solid and enduring. It is among the first granite memorials erected here, and there was a serious question at the time whether granite would ever be accepted for that purpose, so firmly then was marble established as the favorite.

A little further west is the Gothic marble to Benjamin Knower. Mr. Knower was a resident of Albany for nearly forty years. His trade was that of a hatter, but he engaged in important financial enterprises, and from 1821 to 1824 was state treasurer. He died in 1839. The lot overlooks Consecration lake with its ever playing fountain. The medallion portrait of Mr. Knower might easily be taken for the first Napoleon whom he was said to resemble. It will long have a special interest because of

the fact that it was the first piece of marble into which the sculptor, Mr. E. D. Palmer, ever put a chisel. He was an intimate friend of the family, and there is also a classical urn upon this lot with an ideal head representing Sleep, which is his work.

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Turning back we pass again to the left by the Henry Kimberly urn (58) and the Isaac A. Lawson lot (56), and in a little while come to the cottage granite monument to Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., for sixteen years pastor of the Congregational church in Albany, and widely known and loved as a hymnologist, as such holding first place among American writers. His hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee," has been translated into more than twenty languages. Others best known are:

- "Fount of everlasting love."
- "Thou who roll'st the year around."
- "Away from earth my spirit turns."
- "Stealing from the world away."
- "Before Thy throne with tearful eyes."
- "Wake Thee, O Zion; Thy mourning has ended."
- "When downward to the darksome tomb."
- "And is there, Lord, a rest?"
- "O sweetly breathe the lyres above."
- "Eternal Father, Thou hast said."
- "Jesus, Lamb of God, for me."
- "Take me, Oh my Father, take me."
- "Thou, Saviour from Thy throne on high."
- "Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thy own."

Dr. Palmer died in Newark, N. J., in 1887.

We pass the Watson, the Ross, the Andrew Douw Lansing and the Annesley granite (58), turning to the left around the Wilson marble.

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The Gansevoort lot contains two monuments. To the right, is one in white marble, erected in 1812, at the grave of Brig.-Gen. Peter Gansevoort, Junr., and replaced here, afterwards, when Gen. Gansevoort's remains were, on the opening of the Cemetery, reinterred in this lot. It bears this inscription:

"To the memory of Peter Gansevoort Junr a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, who died on the 2d day of July 1812 aged 62 years, 11 months and 16 days. He served under Montgomery in Canada in 1775; in 1777 defended Fort Stanwix against St. Ledger, thereby preventing his junction with Burgoyne, and died in active command, at the beginning of the war of 1812."

To which are added the words:

"Here Stanwix's Chief and brave defender sleeps."

It is also inscribed with the name of Catherine Van Schaick, wife of Peter Gansevoort Junr. and the record, Died December 30 1830. Aged 78 years, 4 months, 14 days.

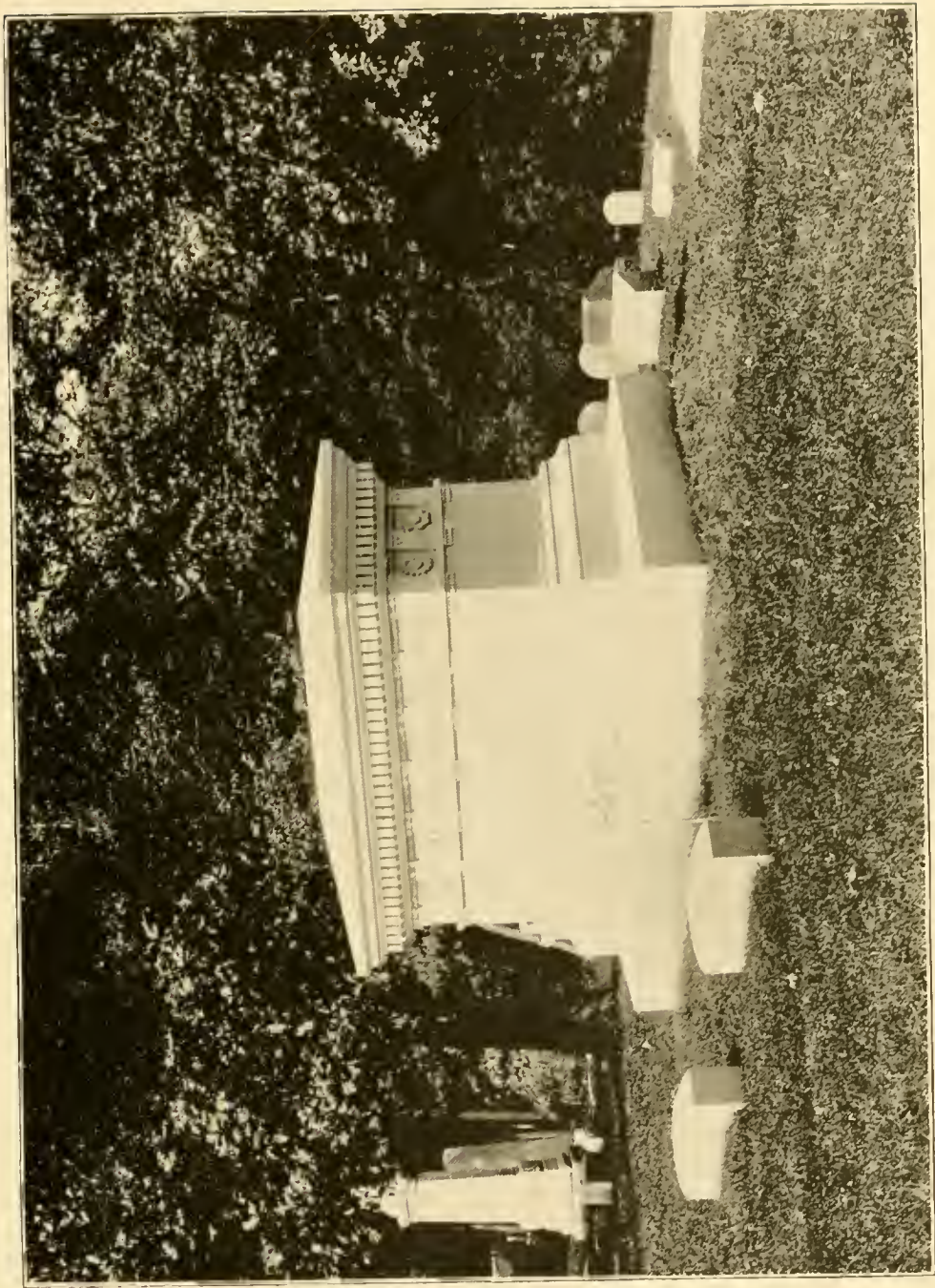
On the left, is a monument, in granite, on which are inscribed the following names and records:

Peter Gansevoort, Born December 22, 1789. Died January 4, 1876.

Mary, daughter of Nathan Sanford, wife of Peter Gansevoort, Born March 20 1814. Died February 5, 1841; and their infant children Mary, Isaac, and Herman.

Susan, daughter of Abraham G. Lansing, wife of Peter Gansevoort; Born December 12, 1805. Died October 28, 1874.

Henry S. Gansevoort, U. S. Army. Born December 15, 1834 Died April 12, 1871.



JESSE C. POLLEN  
(Page 196)



Headstones also mark the graves of those whose names are recorded on the granite monument, notably, that upon which the inscription is to Henry O. Gansevoort, Captain U. S. Artillery, Brevet Lieut.-Col. U. S. Army, died April 12, 1871. Other mural stones of more ancient date bear records as follows:

In memory of Maria Van Schaick relict of Wessel Van Schaick, who died January 31, 1797 aged 79 years & 7 months.

In memory of Harme Gansevoort of the city of Albany, merchant: who died on the 7th of March 1801: Aged 88 y. 7 m. 17 d. and of Magdalena, his wife, who died on the 12th of December 1796. Aged 78 y. 2 m.

In memory of Maria W. Van Schaick eldest daughter of Wessel and Maria Van Schaick deceased who died the 16th day of August 1813. Aged 67 years & 22 days.

Sacred to the memory of Henry Sanford son of Nathan Sanford Born 16th of February 1816. Died 29th of July 1832.

Wessel Gansevoort Died August 7 1862 In the 80th year of his age.

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The W. C. Young oblong block of polished granite bears date November 25, 1799. On this lot is a remarkable old slab with the following inscription:

Here lyes interd	Here lyes interrred
the remains of John	ye Remains of David
Young who was born	Young who was born
in the isl of Bert	in the parish of Tahboyn
near Londonderry	County of Dongall
in the kingdom of	Kingdom of Ireland.
Ireland He departed	He departed this life
this life June 20	Dec 24, 1776,
1730, Age 107.	Aged 94 years.

Cenotaph  
 Removed from Worcester, Mass  
 1873.



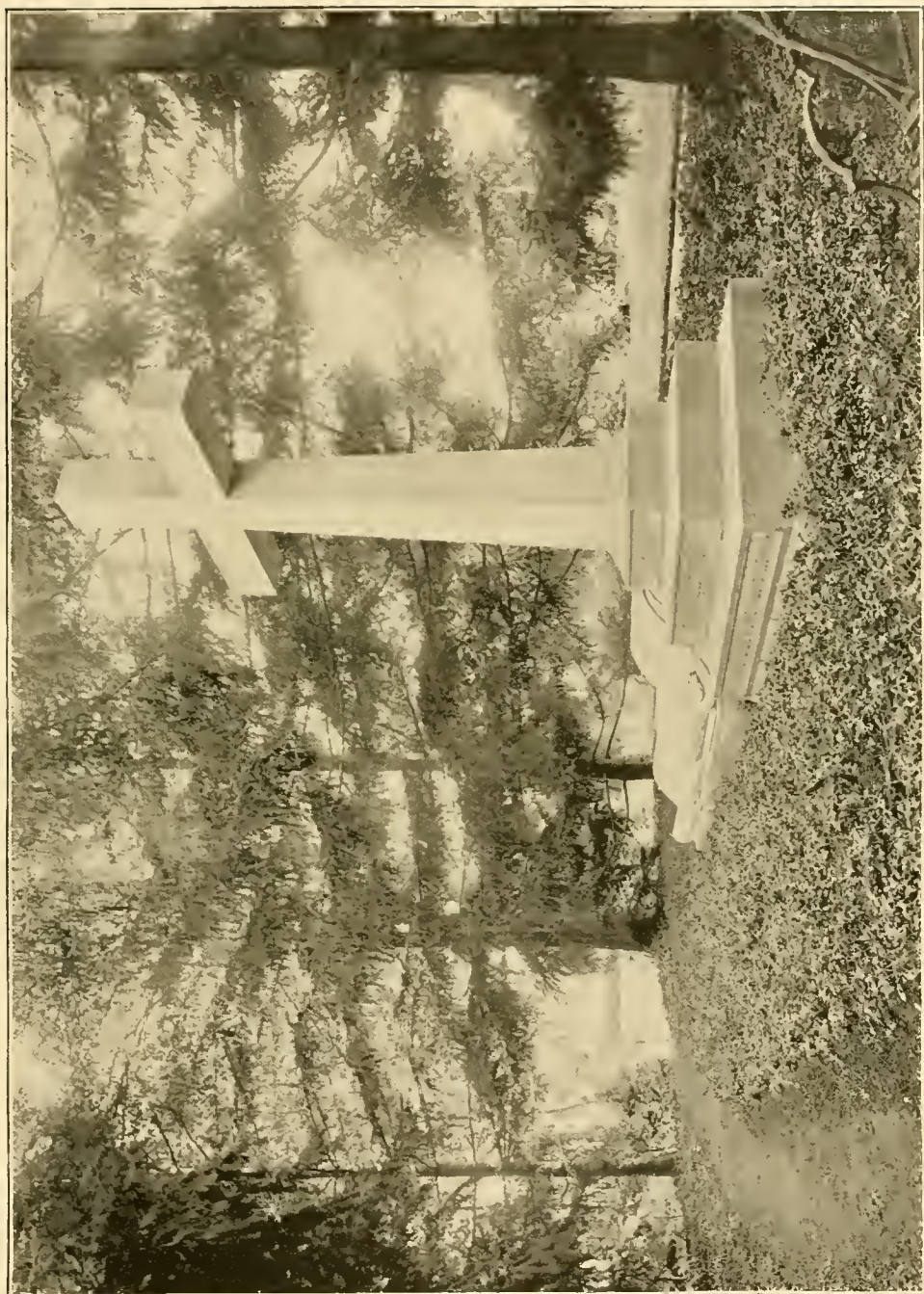
The Israel Smith marble monument with inverted torch, comes next, and then the very tasteful sarcophagus of pink westerly granite, to the memory of Jesse C. Potts (55). Jesse C. Potts was a life-long resident of Albany. From a poor boy, without aid from others, he became a man of wealth, honored and respected.

The Shear granite shaft is passed and we come to the White lot which has several handsome stones, including a large marble monument to John G., William and Andrew White, a sarcophagus and several granite pieces. We note the Allen red sandstone, the Edward Todd monument and the Dunham lot, around which we pass into the Tour; also the lot of Theodore Olcott with its beds of myrtle. A number of old slabs will be found on the Fassett lot. At the left, just above Indian lake, is a tall marble to Dr. R. H. Thompson (53) who died in 1884. Next to him is a lot owned by the late ex-Speaker Littlejohn of Oswego.

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Surrounded and secluded by tall Norway spruces stands a cross of granite to the memory of one, who for more than a generation was a notable figure in Albany life and Albany society — John Van Schaick Lansing Pruyn. All three names are prominent among the early settlers from Holland, and of their descendants there is perhaps no one who better represents what is most praiseworthy in the race from which he sprang than did he who sleeps beneath those solemn shadows. He was a regent of the university for more than thirty years, fifteen of which he was chancellor.





JOHN V. I. PRUNY.



It was his pleasure during that time to exemplify, in the highest degree, the hospitality for which the city of Albany is noted. The university convocation and the regents' examinations are both due to his efforts. In his profession of the law he ranked with the ablest, both in theory and practice. He drew the consolidation agreement by which the railroads between Albany and Buffalo were united in the New York Central. He was once a member of the state senate, giving his salary to the poor of the city. He served several terms in congress with distinction. As one of the commissioners of the capitol he laid the first stone in that \$20,000,000 building. He was president of the state board of charities, of the state survey, of the Albany institute, and was connected in an active capacity with many other representative organizations of an educational and benevolent character. For twenty-five years he held the Harmanus Bleecker trust bequeathing it to Amasa J. Parker. He entered upon his rest November 21, 1877.



## THE NORTH RIDGE.

Here we take leave of the Middle ridge and cross the bridge over the Kromme Kill, passing in view of Indian lake, to the third division.

Taking the Tour to the left we note the lots and monuments of Boyd, J. N. Parker (73), the octagonal marble of Chapin and Samuel G. Courtney (of New York) marble, the Waldron red granite and the Anderson marble.

From here a fine view of the extension to Indian lake will be afforded when that improvement now in progress is completed. This is the oldest part of the Cemetery; that is, lots were sold at low prices in this portion when the Cemetery was first opened, and it was soon occupied.

We pass rapidly by the Phillips lot leaving Sawyer to the right, noting the Kirchner granite cottage monument with urn (89), the George F. Storrs granite, the Hetrick, the Fred Hinckel, the Launcelot Bew granite; turn to the right past Dr. Hineckley; then sharply to the left past S. V. R. Brayton (92) along Wild Rose avenue, past Quayle, Capt. W. T. Wooley of the Albany Republican artillery who died at Georgetown, D. C., 1861; and the grave of another soldier, Lieut. George S. Jupp, who died in Savannah after captivity at Andersonville; Patrick Shaw (93); turn to the right before Abraham Burbank and Beckett. Turn to the right again, noting on the left Owen and Tremper, past Holcomb and the neat granite sarcophagus to Ernest Zeller (93).

Across the lots north of the Holcomb monument will be found the grave of Gen. George Cooke who died January 12, 1873. Dr. Cooke should be remembered, if for nothing else, for the fact that he gave to the Young Men's Association \$1,000 which was spent between 1834 and 1852 for books of his own selection, many of which remain in the library. His bust was for some time in the rooms of the association, but was finally deposited upon his grave (95), and is the only bust in the Cemetery.

The graves are very many here and it is impracticable to more than mention now and then a lot or monument. In section 95 near Meadow avenue, Alvah Phelps, at one time a city missionary in the employ of the State Street Presbyterian church, is buried. In this same section is the grave of Samuel Mull, worthy descendant of a Holland family who came to New York in 1634, and bought land both sides of the Hudson. Going back to Meadow avenue and turning to the left past Wasserbach, we find the simply marked grave (95) of John A. Luby, of steamer company No. 2, who lost his life with Frederick J. Wallen and Daniel Wheeler while bravely fighting fire on North Pearl street, July 12, 1885. There is nothing of this on the headstone, only the touching word "papa." Wallen is buried in section 107 and Wheeler in the Jewish cemetery.

Passing the neat granite headstone of William H. Terrell (94), we go around Featherly to the right, past the Kennedy, the Hughes, the Cornelius Glen; now to the left and on the right we come to the Cohoes colony (85) comprising many handsome and modern granite monuments, among

the principal ones, Eastman, Alfred Leroy, Ablett, White, Cartwright, Sessions, Auer, Keller, George C. Thomas, Harmon, Nutall, Doyle, Campbell, Warhurst, Horrocks-Van Benthuysen, Dixon, Schantz, Belser. On the left (84) John Hills, Collins, Eggers. We turn again to the right, past the Van Auken granite (85), the Fulgraff marble on the left (86), the Moore granite, and note the monument to Rev. Henry A. Raymond who died in 1877, and next to it the Eldred shaft, the Bissikummer and the Severence lots; H. A. Dwight's neat vacant lot, Jacob I. Wendell's, John Gay's; turn to the left, past Dyer and John Ebel, and again to the left and we find the Sawyer marble shaft on the right. This is Arbor water. The Granger, John Cook and Alexander Dickey lots border here. Again to the right we pass John Bridgford's sandstone (87), the Williamson red granite (75) and the Keyes granite.

The Hendrick Hallenbake or Hallenbeek ground on the right contains many graves. To this spot were removed, in 1860, the contents of a family burying ground which had occupied the southwest corner of South Pearl and Hamilton streets since the middle of the last century, when it was set apart for that purpose by Hendrik Halenbeek. His will provided that the heirs must maintain it, but the male descendants became dispersed, and its support became quite a burden to a few individuals, mostly women; finally it was decided that it should be sold for taxes, and after a special act of the legislature had been passed for the purpose, this was done. Title was thus obtained for a thousand



years and the land being thus made available, the proceeds provided the means for the purchase in the Rural Cemetery of thirty-seven lots and the erection of a monument to the original Halenbeck. Among those buried there are the Austins, the McLargs and John O. Cole, for many years police justice in this city.

We pass the McClelland marble, the Burch lot and the polished granite block to Charles E. Rancour, the stone to Rev. John Miles, who died September 9, 1871, the Henry Weber lot and the Allen polished granite.

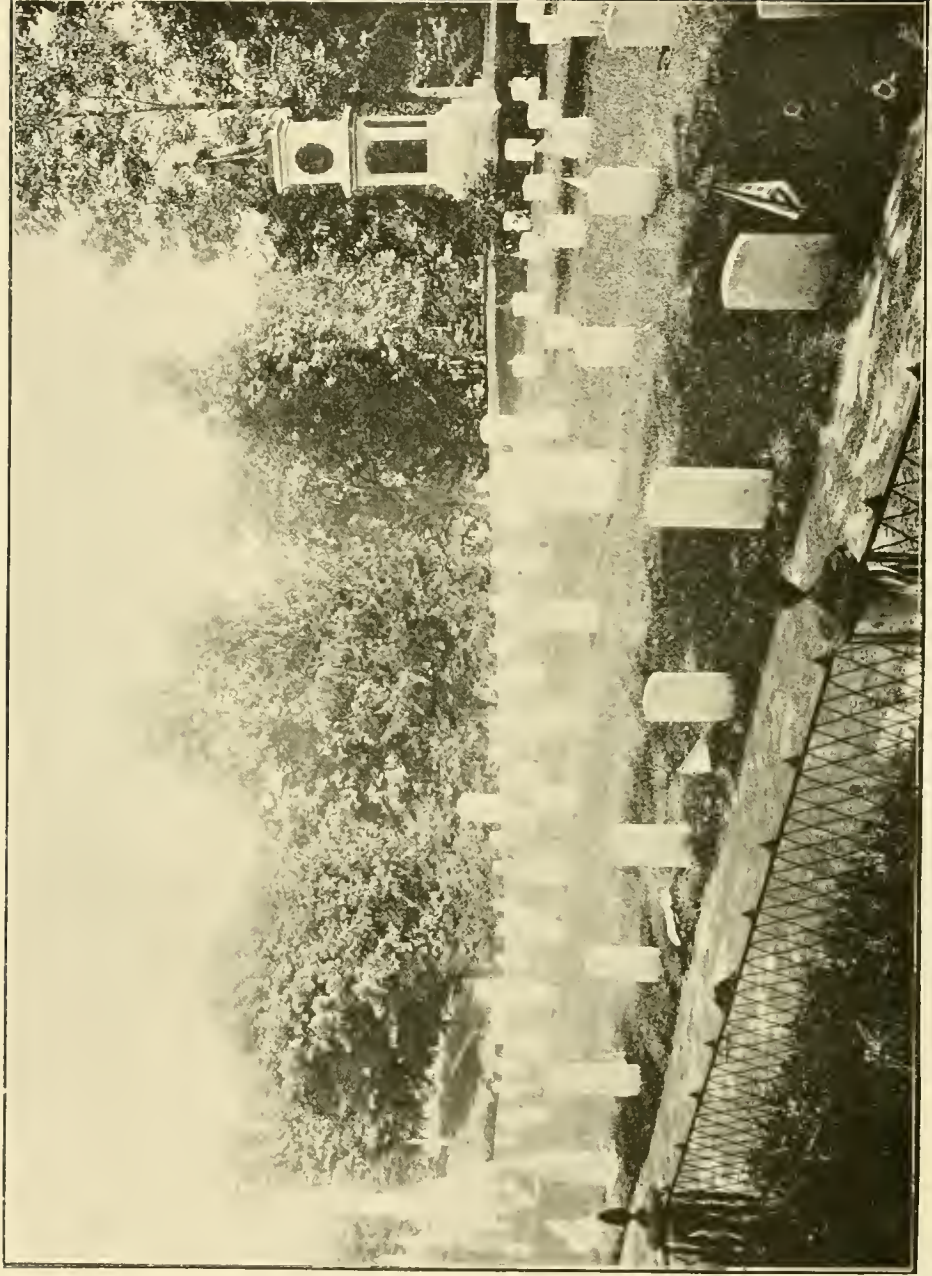
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At a special meeting of the trustees held June 17, 1862, it was ordered "that a sufficient and suitable piece of ground be set apart to inter the remains of officers and soldiers of the army of the union who have fallen, or who may fall in endeavoring to suppress the present rebellion." A committee was appointed consisting of Mr. Olcott, Mr. Strong, Dr. March; the superintendent, J. W. Greene, and the engineer, B. A. Thomas, to carry this order into effect, and these grounds were selected, where 147 are buried.

At the east side of the plat is a soldiers' monument of granite, consisting of three large bases on which rests a plinth into the panels of which are set bronze plates bearing the names of 648 heroes of the war. Above the plinth is a cap on which rests the die ornamented by a medallion head of Lincoln. On the die rests the capital on which stands a bronze soldier at parade rest.

This memorial was the work of some years. The monu-





THE SOLDIERS' PLOT.

ment was first placed in position in 1870, at a cost of \$2,215, but was not then completed owing to the failure of the person employed and paid for the work. The formal dedication took place May 30, 1872, with orations by Capt. John Palmer and Col. Hale Kingsley, the tablets at that time having been inserted, but the statue of the soldier was not placed in position till 1875. A dollar subscription raised in 1865 for a monument to Lincoln and amounting to \$1,958 was devoted to this purpose, and some \$2,500 additional was contributed in 1874-5. The cannon from which the tablets were made were obtained through Hon. Eli Perry, representative in congress.

It is not, however, the monument that most attracts attention here. More eloquent than sculpture or epitaph are the rows of headstones bearing, for the most part, only name and dates and number of the regiment. Eulogy seems almost out of place in the presence of the great fact that these men and thousands upon thousands like them, laid down their lives in the defense of their country—of our country.

“On fame’s eternal camping ground,  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.”

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Going eastward around the Buna Vista turn we pass the Gillespie lot and farther on the red sandstone urn or vase of Welch, the Alvord lot, the Bancroft monument with open Bible, the Cameron granite, a soldier’s headstone to

Sergt. Reed L. Brown, 4th heavy artillery, a victim of Libby prison; the Gifford granite, the Douw granite block, and on the mound around which we turn, the Burt pillar of marble with draped urn. The view from this point, although obstructed by trees, is charming in its glimpses. Terrace after terrace descends to the grounds below. Directly opposite is buried Charles Van Zandt (73), for many years a manager of the affairs of the Van Rensselaers. Going west again we pass the Jackson-Ewing-Turner granite, and on the hill the elaborate cottage marble to John and Jacob Cuyler. We pass the Sturgess, the Long, the Hatcher and Fisher granites, and stop to look at the soldier-like granite column, surmounted by a bronze eagle (73).

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Col. John Mills, to whose memory this column was erected, like Napoleon, was the subject of two funerals. He fell at the head of his regiment, May 29, 1813, while repulsing the British army at Sacketts Harbor. After the retreat of the enemy, his body was borne, next day, to Watertown and buried. His grave was left unmarked till 1843, when members of the Albany Republican artillery (a company organized by Col. Mills in 1809), were permitted by the legislature, to deposit the body in Capitol park at Albany. Arrangements were accordingly made for its transfer which was accomplished amid appropriate military honors at Sacketts Harbor, Oswego, Syracuse, Schenectady (where the body remained over night), Troy, and finally Albany, where the largest military, masonic and

civil parade ever seen here at that time was made, as the body was taken from the foot of North Ferry street to Capitol park.

This was May 29, 1844, only a few months before the Rural Cemetery was consecrated. For nearly forty years the bones of the old hero remained undisturbed, but without further honor and but very little notice. No stone marked the place. The old capitol was torn down, the park became a waste, boys used it for a ball ground, the grass was worn off, traveling quacks and curbstome peddlers gathered there, nothing could have been more dreary or common-place, or less appropriate a spot for the hero of Sacketts Harbor:

But little he recked, and they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where the soldiers had laid him.

Finally he was thought of; the matter was agitated; it was declared to be a shame that one of the country's defenders should longer be dishonored by neglect. The legislature was appealed to, commissioners were appointed, an appropriation of \$2,500 was obtained, and on Memorial day, May 30, 1883, just seventy years from the date of his first burial, for the third, and presumably the last time, the remains of Col. John Mills were placed in the bosom of the earth. A second great parade took place; the military, the Masons, the Grand Army turned out in force; there were orations by Galen R. Hitt and James E. Morrison; full honors were paid, and the monument to which we have come was then unveiled. It is a shaft

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some thirty feet high, surmounted by a bronze eagle. It bears the following inscriptions:

Col John Mills  
Born January 25, 1782  
Killed at Sacketts Harbor,  
May 29, 1813.

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Remains  
removed to Albany,  
1844  
Reinterred May 30, 1883.

---

Albany Republican Artillery,  
Organized by Col John Mills,  
July 4, 1809.

---

Erected by the State of New York,  
1883.

Commissioners { ELIAS P. HALE, Pres.  
JOHN PALMER,  
HOFFMAN COVERT, Sec.

---

Passing to the rear of a not very sightly vault, and keeping to the right, we leave the D. W. Talcott lot (81) on the left; also the Wilson-Bronk and the Downing granites, the Hoxie marble and the Lamb granite. On the right is the Thomas granite shaft surrounded by radiating graves and a hedge of arbor vita.

The corner lot to the left as we turn to the right, is that of Jeremiah Waterman (81), and there is buried his much beloved son, Charles F. Waterman, born October 23, 1854,



The Mills Memorial.







died May 29, 1889. There is no monument here, but in the beautiful suburb of Albany, named after the veteran floriculturist, Louis Menand, stands a stone chapel and parsonage which will keep Charles F. Waterman in loving remembrance so long as they shall stand. The chapel, in particular, owes its existence to him, and his funeral, the first religious service held within its walls, was followed by the solemn dedication of the chapel while his body lay there.

Again to the right brings us to the Newcomb-Cleveland granite shaft surrounded with granite posts (80). The Lochner lot (79) contains something different from anything else on the grounds: an oblong structure of uncut granite, roofed with a polished slab on top of which are two urns.

The large and beautiful block of variegated granite, highly polished, is on the lot of John D. Parsons (80). We now turn to the left, by the Koonz cottage monument (77). In the lot enclosed with a hedge is the grave of S. H. H. Parsons, who died in 1881. He was for many years pension agent.

The red sandstone cross is for the Westerlo family, but erected to Rensselaer Westerlo (77), who died April 18, 1851, aged 74. On the right (76), is a marble shaft to Weare C. Little, a law-book publisher of renown throughout the country, who died February 20, 1885. The Parr marble monument is passed, the Baker lot without a monument, the Cramer granite, the Morgan shaft, the James Ten Eyck cross of granite. On the left, the John and Anthony Gould lot (77) with marble sarcophagus and

casket, and large monument surrounded by many graves.

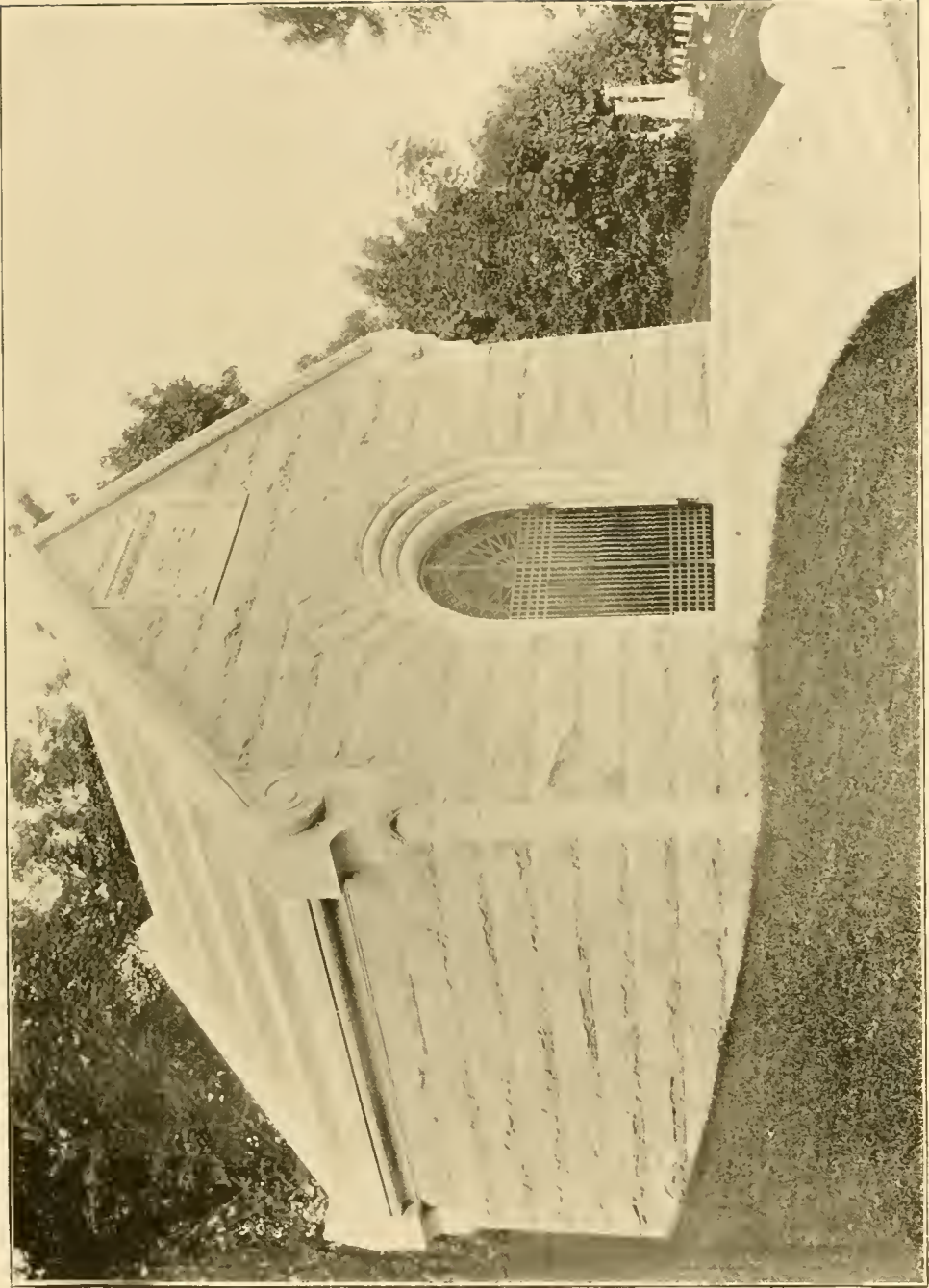
On the brow of the hill (76) are the Mesick marble shaft, the Hiram Perry sandstone (76), and to the right, a marble monument on which is inscribed, "the first interment and the first monument in the Cemetery." It was erected by Joseph Strain, whose name is upon it. The first interment was that of David Strain who died in May, 1845, aged 21.

On Landscape hill (76) is the grave of William Hailes, an inventor and mechanic, who died in 1892, after over forty years residence in Albany, devoted largely to pattern-making, bronze casting, etc. The tablets on the soldiers' monument and the bi-centennial tablets were his work.

Going a little way north, we pursue the Tour down the hill. Peter Kinnear has a lot here, but no monument; the Gilmour lot is passed, and we see two monuments, one on each side of the way, each to a Fisher, but no relation to each other.

Now we come to the Visscher family vault (76) erected in 1892, by James Gazeley, from designs by Fuller & Wheeler. It replaces an old vault built in 1862, and is one of the most substantial structures in the Cemetery.

The DuBois granite is on the point around which we pass. We note the B. F. Cobb vault and the Jacob Sager structure of the same kind. Near by is buried Dr. Edward P. Waterbury, at the time of his death in 1889, principal of the State Normal school, the new building for which he was largely instrumental in obtaining. To the left we pass the lot of Peter A. Rogers, the R. W. Thacher and



THE VISSCHER VAULT.



the W. H. Monroe granite, the Douw F. Lansing granite.

This is Sunrise avenue. Here are the tombs of the Wm. M. Bender family and of the Townsend family. To the right, the more notable monuments are the granite sarcophagus to C. H. Sprague, the marble shaft with medallion, to John B. Van Schaick, the Andrew Vosburgh and Richard Doring, the Nelson, and the granite shaft to Abraham Lansing (of West Troy). Here is the gate-keeper's lodge. The Rexford granite, the Getman marble, the McEwen-Crounse granite sarcophagus, the S. G. Rice marble are noted.

The Winslow memorial chapel is one of the most costly structures on the grounds (71). It is approached by terraces, and is most beautifully situated. It was erected in 1864 by J. F. Winslow, of Poughkeepsie, and contains forty-eight crypts.

Keeping to the right up the hill will be found the firemen's monument of granite erected in 1872, by D. D. Tompkins engine company No. 8. A fireman's hat, speaking trumpet and other appropriate emblems are carved upon it. Other objects of special interest are the Battersby monument with the figure of an angel carrying in her arms a female figure to the skies; the Bailie-Bush massive marble; near the ravine (65) the headstone on the Andrew R. Hunter lot to Lizzie M. Calhoun, a bright and promising member of the High school, who, May 31, 1877, jumped from a carriage attached to a runaway team of horses and was killed in sight of the spot where she is buried.

The lofty shaft surrounded by a hedge is upon the lot of

James B. Jermain (65), a trustee and the vice-president of the Cemetery, and benefactor of many a humane and Christian enterprise, including the Young Men's Christian Association of Albany, for which he erected its beautiful building.

Our long journey is nearly done. As we pass along the Tour we notice the receiving vaults, which are much used in winter. The first receiving vault was built in 1849 by John Hillhouse, at a cost of \$743. In 1858 a new vault, designed by Woolett, was ordered and built by John Bridgford, for \$5,358, and in 1883 another was completed.

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Mention should have been made, in its proper place, of the grave of Nicholas Hill, which is on the lot of his daughter, Mrs. Mary A. Noyes, section 26, on Laurel hill, north of Cypress water. Nicholas Hill, who died May 1, 1859, in his 54th year, was unquestionably one of the great lawyers of the state. Unlike many members of the legal profession, he had no taste for politics, but devoted himself assiduously to the study and practice of the law. For five years he was the state law reporter, afterwards becoming a member of the great legal firm of which Peter Cagger and John K. Porter were the other components. No name in the history of the bar of Albany is spoken with higher respect than that of Nicholas Hill.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The bibliography of the Albany Rural Cemetery is very brief :

In 1846 there was published a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing an account of the consecration exercises, the rules and regulations, the charter, and a list of the lot owners to January, 1846, the total number of lots being 616.

In 1859, Churchill's Guide through the Albany Rural Cemetery, appeared, with thirty-six wood-cuts and an engraved plan of the grounds. It was published by Henry W. Churchill.

In 1871 Edward Fitzgerald, of West Troy, published a Hand Book for the Albany Rural Cemetery, with an appendix on Emblems. It contains 141 pages and several lithographs. Mr. Fitzgerald was at one time a bookkeeper at the Cemetery and afterward city editor of the Albany *Evening Times*. He died March 7, 1878.

A Catalogue of Proprietors, with number and location of their lots, to January 1, 1892, with map, is sold for twenty-five cents.

The laws relating to the Cemetery have been compiled by the secretary, Robert Lenox Banks.







—“ Oft had I mused  
Of calm, and peace, and deep forgetfulness,  
Of folded hands, closed eyes, and heart at rest,  
And slumber sound beneath a flowery turf.  
Of faults forgotten, and an inner place  
Kept sacred for us in the heart of friends.”

— *Lowell.*

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“ With thy rude plow-share, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow.”

— *Longfellow.*



# INDEX.

	Section	Page		Section	Page
<b>A</b> BLETT, JAMES W.,	85	202	Benedict, Ezra G.,	37	107
Adams,	17	158	Bew, Lancelot,	89	200
Aiken, Ebenezer C.,	44	151	Bigelow, John M.,	12	158
Ainsworth, Ira W.,	8	105	Bissikummer,	86	202
Akin, John H.,	27	144	Black, John,	56	180
Alden, Sidney,	15	153	Bleecker, Harmanus,	3	97
Alden, Mrs. Maria Weed,	109	140	Bleecker, W. E.,	8	105
Allen, H. W.,	55	179	Bleecker, G. V. S.,	3	92
Allen, Otis,	61	187	Blunn, Thomas and James,	51	172
Allen, Mary Ann,	73	203	Bogart,	41	148
Alvord, Mary E.,	74	205	Bonney, Mrs. S. W.,	56	181
Amsdell, George I.,	21	154	Boulware, Dr. J. R.,	30	132
Amsdell, Theodore M.,	21	154	Boyd, John I. and Peter,	51	171
Ames, Angelo,	59	189	Boyd, Robert,	52	172
Ames, Ezra,	59	189	Boyd, David I.,	35	112
Anderson, Grace,	64	200	Bradt, Emeline L.,	26	150
Annesley, Lawson,	58	192	Brainard, Edwin D.,	28	133
Appleton, William,	19	166	Brayton family,	92	200
Angel of the Sepulchre,	31	125	Bridgens, grave of,	18	165
Armsby, Dr. James H.,	12	104	Bridgford, John,	87	202
Armsby, Anna L.,	9	104	Brinckerhoff vault,	18	166
Arthur, Chester A.,	24	155	Bronk and others,	81	208
Arnold-Avery,	36	116	Brown, Reed L.,	74	206
Auer, Christian,	85	202	Brown, Daniel,	5	95
Austin, J. J.,	21	154	Bryan, Col. M. K.,	43	146
Austin, Jeremiah,	21	154	Bull, M. V. B.,	36	116
Avery-Arnold,	36	116	Bullions, Dr. Peter,	16	159
			Burbank,	92	200
<b>B</b> ACON, SAMUEL N.,	20	156	Burch, Albert W.,	73	203
Bailie-Bush,	65	213	Burden, Henry,	61	182
Baker, Ellis,	5	98	Burgess, George H.,	101	151
Baker, Samuel W.,	76	209	Burhans, Lana,	15	159
Ball, Dayton,	38	107	Burt, Charles A.,	74	206
Bancroft, John and Joseph,	74	205	Burton, Charles E.,	61	187
Bancroft, LeGrand,	33	115	Bush, Walter R.,	28	143
Bancroft, Royal,	28	133	Bush-Bailie,	65	213
Banks, Robert Lenox,	31	125			
Barnard, D. D.,	56	179	<b>C</b> ALHOUN, LIZZIE M.,	65	213
Barnard, Fred. J.,	12	105	Calverley, Charles,	107	145
Barnes, William,	109	140	Cameron, Truman D.,	74	205
Battersby, John,	65	213	Campbell, Daniel,	18	157
Bay, Dr. William,	15	159	Campbell, Duncan,	18	157
Bay, Dr. John W.,	40	149	Campbell, Rev. John N.,	41	147
Bayeux, Capt. Thomas,	16	159	Campbell, George,	85	202
Beckett, Matilda,	96	200	Cartwright, Mrs. Marian,	85	202
Belknap,	27	144	Carroll, Howard,	33	132
Belser, Joseph,	81	202	Center, Mrs. Martha,	32	116
Bender family,	56	180	Chapin, Lyman,	73	200
Bender, William M.,	70	213	Chapman, Isaac A.,	32	119
Benedict, Lewis,	3	95	Charles, D. D. T.,	34	112

	Section	Page		Section	Page
Chase, L. A.,	15	159	Dixon, A. K.,	81	202
Chase, James and S. G.,	38	106	Doring, Richard,	86	213
Cheever, C. R. and H. N.,	32	116	Douglass,	32	119
Church grounds,	40	171	Douglass, Charles H.,	30	132
Clapp, Reuel,	6	99	Douw, Volkert P.,	74	206
Clark, Stephen,	62	182	Douw, J. D. P. vault,	52	171
Clark, Rev. Rufus W.,	102	151	Downing, George,	81	208
Cleveland,	80	209	Doyle, Charles F.,	85	202
Cleveland, Frederick,	108	141	Draper, Sylvester B.,	62	182
Clute, John,	107	145	DuBois, Charles B.,	70	210
Coats, Ambrose B.,	32	119	Dudley, Blandina,	61	185
Cobb, James N.,	52	172	Dudley, Charles E.,	61	185
Cobb, Benjamin F.,	70	210	Dunham, A. T.,	55	179
Cobee, L. J. and H. J.,	59	188	Dunlop, Robert,	9	103
Cochran-Walter,	53	173	Durant, Clark and W. C.,	5	101
Cole, John O.,	73	203	Dwight, Harvey A.,	85	202
Collins, Joseph,	84	202	Dyer, Rev. David,	3	99
Collins, Jefferson,	21	153	Dyer, Joseph and A.,	88	202
Converse, Franklin,	107	145			
Cook, John,	86	202	EASTMAN, ANNA,	85	202
Cooke, Capt. J.,	14	153	Ebel, John,	86	202
Cook, George C.,	26	144	Edwards, Carlton,	55	179
Cooke, Gen. George,	95	201	Edwards, Isaac,	15	158
Cooper, Gen. John Tayler,	10	165	Edson, C. and F.,	16	153
Corning, Erastus,	31	123	Egberts, Egbert,	58	188
Cotrell, Edgar,	11	103	Eggers,	84	202
Courtney, Samuel G.,	73	200	Eight, Abraham,	52	172
Cowell, Thomas J.,	20	154	Eldred, Alonzo H.,	85	202
Cox, Dr. James W.,	32	110	Elmendorf, John,	21	154
Craft, Charles G.,	20	160	Emerson, James B.,	16	159
Craig, James E.,	27	137	Emmet, Joseph K.,	109	139
Cramer, Frederick,	107	145	Ewing,	74	206
Cramer, George W.,	76	209			
Crannell, W. W.,	4	100	FARNSWORTH, JNO. G.	42	146
Crook, Thomas P.,	12	158	Fassett, William N.,	55	196
Crittenden, Robert G.,	18	156	Fearey,	107	145
Cushman, Paul,	36	107	Featherley,	94	201
Cutler, M. L.,	39	106	Feltman, J. C. and W. P.,	20	154
Cnyler, John,	74	206	Finch-Silliman,	59	188
			Fish, Artemas,	5	100
DALTON, WILLIAM,	21	154	Fish, Samuel M.,	5	100
Darling, Rev. Henry,	30	130	Fisher, Joseph,	76	210
Davidson,	5	100	Fisher, Henrietta,	74	206
Davis, John,	51	171	Fitch-Salisbury,	59	189
Dawson, George,	33	131	Fondoy, Isaac & Townsend,	61	185
Dawson, George S.,	33	132	Ford, John W.,	54	179
Dederick, P. K., vault,	29	138	Fort, Peter V.,	28	133
DeForest, Charles A.,	38	106	Fowler, Dr. Amos,	41	148
Delavan, Edward C.,	53	178	Fowler, Rev. Philemon H.,	54	178
Dempsey Brothers,	16	160	Fowler, William,	54	178
Dennis,	59	188	Fraser, George B.,	58	189
DeWitt, William H.,	4	95	Fraser-Cook,	42	146
DeWitt, R. V.,	56	179	Frisby, Edward,	20	160
Dexter, George,	17	158	Frost, John R.,	21	153
Dickerman, John S.,	21	154	Fullgraff, William,	86	202
Dickey, Alexander,	86	202			

	Section	Page		Section	Page
<b>G</b>					
GAGE, WILLIAM T.,	26	150	Hills, John,	84	202
Gallien, Brace M.,	107	145	Hinckel, Frederick,	89	200
Galpin, Henry M.,	18	154	Hinckel, Helena,	27	137
Gansevoort, Henry S.,	55	192	Hinckley, Dr.,		200
Gansevoort, Peter,	55	192	Hoadley, John Chipman,	40	148
Gay, John,	88	202	Hitchcock, Andrew,	58	189
Gazeley, James,	3	94	Hitchcock, Capt. A. M.,	59	189
Getman,	69	213	Hoffman, Benj.,	59	172
Gibbons-Mather,	28	133	Hogan, Gerrit,	26	144
Gibbs-Fowler,	59	188	Holcomb, Abel,	93	200
Gifford, John L.,	74	206	Holt, Jared,	58	188
Gillespie, Josiah,	15	159	Horrocks, John,	42	202
Gillespie, Theodore,	72	205	Howe-Robinson,	12	105
Glen, Cornelius,	94	201	Howes, Amos,	5	100
Godard, Charles W.,	4	94	Hoxsie, Henry C.,	81	208
Godfrey, Nelson,	28	133	Hoyt, George B.,	107	145
Goodwin, Albert,	18	157	Humphrey, Friend,	3	97
Goold, James,	58	188	Humphrey-Newman,	6	99
Gould, John and William,	77	209	Hun, Edward R.,	16	158
Granger, William,	86	202	Hurlbut, Judge,	27	137
Gray, Alexander and Wm.,	52	172	Hurst, William,	54	179
Gray, Adam Russ,	40	152	Hutchins, Stephen C.,	42	147
Gray, James A.,	18	157			
Green, Edward,	56	180	<b>I</b>		
Greer, Alexander,	39	106	RWIN, WILLIAM P.,	41	150
Gregory, Rev. Oscar H.,	58	189			
Gregory, Daniel H.,	109	138	<b>J</b>		
Gregory, George Stuart,	109	138	JACKSON, SARAH,	74	206
Griswold, Arsenoe,	26	150	Jacobson, John,	27	144
Grubb, Edward Burd,	41	150	Jagger, Ira,	5	101
			James family,	16	158
<b>H</b>			Jans, Anneke,	61	185
HAILES, WILLIAM,	76	210	Jermain, James B.,	65	214
Hall, Ozias,	61	184	Jeffers, Thomas C.,	34	112
Hallenbeck,	73	202	Jewett, Dr. Rensselaer,	28	133
Hallenbeck, Mathew I.,	5	96	Johnson, Robert L.,	25	151
Hamilton, Catherine,	5	100	Jones, George L.,	59	189
Hamilton, Samuel,	15	159	Jones-Northrup,	37	107
Hamilton, Daniel,	52	172	Jones, James D.,	21	154
Hand, Samuel,	11	162	Judson, Edmund L.,	35	111
Harris, Ira and Hamilton,	18	157	Jupp, George S.,	92	200
Hasey, Oscar L.,	28	133			
Hastings, Hugh J.,	40	105	<b>K</b>		
Haswell-Lansing,	59	189	KANE, JOHN L.,	5	99
Hatcher,	74	206	Kelley, Charles W.,	32	116
Hawkins, Horace D.,	15	159	Kennedy, Alexander,	95	201
Hawley, Gideon,	9	104	Ketchum, Daniel,	32	116
Hendrickson,	12	105	Keyes,	75	202
Henry, Jacob,	18	165	Kibbee, Austin S.,	30	133
Henry family,	19	165	Kidd, James,	12	105
Henderson,	9	103	Kimberly, Henry,	58	191
Herrick, Avery,	38	107	King, Henry,	18	156
Herring, Thomas H.,	19	165	King, Henry L.,	32	115
Herrington, Hiram,	4	100	King, Rufus H.,	32	115
Hetrick, Michael,	89	200	Kingsley, Hale,	16	159
Hill, John J.,	12	158	Kinnear, Peter,	76	210
Hillhouse, John & Thomas,	4	92	Kip, Leonard,	56	180
			Kirchner,	89	200

	Section	Page		Section	Page
Knower, Benjamin,	62	190	McBride family,	25	151
Knowlton,	21	153	McCammon, Charles,	5	97
Koonz, Abraham,	77	209	McClelland, John,	75	203
<b>L</b> A GRANGE, STEPH'N,	43	146	McClure, Archibald,	35	111
Lamb, James,	81	208	McClure, James H.,	3	94
Lansing, Andrew Douw	56	192	McCoy, S. B., vault,	61	184
Lansing, Abraham,	34	115	McCredie, Thomas,	40	150
Lansing, Abraham,	68	213	McDonald, Rev. John,	9	103
Larrabee, Edward J.,	32	119	McDowell, George H.,	107	145
Lathrop, Ralph P.,	39	106	McElroy, William,	19	162
Lathrop, Dyer,	11	161	McEwan, John,	69	213
Lathrop, Daniel S.,	29	124	McGarvey, Michael,	27	137
Lathrop, Robert Dunlop,	9	103	McHarg, Alexander,	73	203
Laut, John P.,	107	145	McIntosh, Caroline C.,	10	181
Lawrence, George H.,	59	189	McIntosh, Charles,	62	182
Lawson, Isaac,	56	191	McIntyre, Archibald,	9	103
Learned, Edward,	3	93	McKown, James A.,	52	172
Learned, Billings P.,	11	162	McMurdy, Isaac,	21	158
Learned, William L.,	42	147	McNaughton, Dr. Peter,	5	101
LeFevre, Isaac,	27	137	McNaughton, Dr. James,	9	103
Leonard, Jacob,	43	146	McPherson, Mary and John,	15	153
LeRoy, Amelia,	85	202	Mead, Melvin N.,	52	172
Lewis, Ralph P.,	18	154	Meech, Henry T.,	12	105
Liscomb, Orlando P.,	30	131	Meads, John,	56	179✓
Little, Weare C.,	76	209	Mellick, James H.,	34	112
Littlejohn,	53	196	Melville, Allen,	40	149
Livingston, Hiram,	33	115	Meneely, Andrew,	58	189
Lloyd, Samuel H.,	18	165	Mesick, Henry T.,	76	210
Lloyd, Lyman J.,	52	172	Miles, Rev. John,	75	203
Lloyd, Thomas Spencer,	39	106	Mills,	42	146
Lloyd, Mrs. A. C.,	12	105	Mills, Geo. and Alexander,	30	132
Lobdell,	58	189	Mills, Colonel John,	73	206
Lochner,	79	209	Milwain, James,	26	144
Long and Silsby,	16	159	Minch,	32	116
Long, Carrie,	74	206	Mitchell, William,	13	105
Lord,	34	112	Mix family,	16	159
Low, Addison,	56	180	Monroe, William H.,	69	213
Luby, John A.,	95	201	Monteath, George,	5	100
Luke, Philip,	27	137	Monteath, Peter,	35	112
Luther, George W.,	102	151	Moore-Packer,	86	202
<b>M</b> ANNING, DANIEL,	27	141	Morange, J. W.,	59	188
Manson, William,	16	160	Morgan, John,	76	209
March, Dr. Alden,	52	172	Morris, Lewis N.,		178
Marey, William L.,	62	189	Morris, Lewis O.,	9	102
Martin, Henry H.,	45	170	Morris, Capt. John A.,	60	184
Martin, Dr. David,	59	159	Morrow, James,	8	105
Marvin, Alexander,	54	174	Moseley, B. F.,	8	105
Masonic burial plat,	27	143	Mosher, Alfred,	18	157
Mather, John Cotton,	54	173	Mosher, Dr. C. D.,	40	148
Mather, Joseph,	23	134	Mosher, Dr. J. S.,	37	107
Mather, Heman,	58	189	Mounsey,	59	188
Matthews, Andrew,	26	144	Mull, Mrs. Margaret,	95	201
May, E. D.,	15	152	Munsell, Joel,	4	92
			Munson, Stephen,	42	146
			Munson, Samuel, L.,	28	138
			Murphy, E. W.,	107	145

	Section	Page		Section	Page
NELSON, MARTHA S.,	69	213	QUACKENBUSH,	52	171
Nelson, Rob't & Alex.,	33	112	Quackenbush, Col. H.,	9	104
Newcomb, Edward,	61	185	Quayle, Matthew,	92	200
Newman, Henry,	6	99			
Newton, William,	11	162	RANCOUR, CHAS. E.,	73	203
Newton, Isaac,	11	161	Rathbone, Jared L.,	3	94
Northrop Jones,	37	107	Rathbone, Joel,	3	93
Northrup, Joseph,	32	116	Rathbone, John F.,	60	188
Norton, John Pitkin,	54	177	Raymond, Benj. C.,	54	173
Nott, John C.,	19	165	Raymond family,	85	202
Nuttall, John A.,	85	202	Reed, William W.,	32	119
			Regan, Matilda,	26	144
OLCOTT, THEODORE,	55	196	Rehlander, William,	107	145
Olcott, Thomas W.,	53	173	Reid, Wm. and John,	8	105
Olcott, Thomas,	54	177	Rexford, Mary L.,	69	213
Orr, William and David,	56	181	Reynolds, Marcus T.,	17	158
			Rice, James C.,	42	147
PACKARD, GEO. W.,	30	132	Rice, Samuel G.,	67	213
Packard, Edward G.,	21	153	Robe, John,	103	156
Packard, Edward W.,	30	132	Robbins, Philander,	62	181
Packard, John O. & E. W.,	30	132	Robinson, Edward,	16	157
Paddock, Stephen,	9	102	Robinson, Rev. Rodman H.,	61	187
Palmer, Rev. Ray,	58	191	Roessle, Theophilus,	41	147
Palmer, Erastus D.,	34	112	Rogers, Peter A.,	70	210
Palmer, Luther M.,	32	119	Romeyn, Theodore F.,	27	144
Parker, Judge,	54	177	Root, Lyman,	39	106
Parker, John N.,	73	200	Root vault,	29	138
Parkhurst, John G.,	107	145	Roraback,	107	145
Parr, Richard,	77	209	Ross, William H.,	58	192
Parsons, L. Sprague,	11	104	Rossmann, John B.,	43	146
Parsons, S. H. H.,	76	209	Roy, James,	52	172
Parsons, John D.,	80	209	Roy, John F.,	28	137
Pasco, Ezra L.,	62	182	Rudd, William T.,	59	189
Patten, Moses,	3	92	Russell, Henry,	32	116
Patton, John,	28	138	Russell, Joseph,	32	119
Payne, Samuel N.,	15	160	Russell, William,	42	146
Peckham, Rufus W.,	11	162			
Perry, Eli,	5	99	SABIN, DR. ROBERT H.,	27	137
Perry, Hiram,	76	210	Sager, Jacob,	70	210
Perry, Nathan B.,	29	119	Salisbury-Fitch,	59	189
Pester, Mrs. William,	18	166	Sand, John H.,	32	116
Peltz, John DeWitt,	41	147	Sanders, Barent,	54	179
Phelps, Alvah,	95	201	Sanders, James B.,	29	119
Phelps, Philip,	40	148	Sanford, George D.,	18	160
Phillips, John,	89	200	Sawyer, William,	86	200
Pilsbury, Amos,	36	107	Satterlee,	62	182
Pitkin, Wolcott H.,	107	144	Saxe, Charles G.,	30	130
Platt, Jacob,	59	189	Schantz, George,	81	202
Pohlman, Rev. Henry N.,	6	99	Schoolcraft, John L.,	5	98
Porter, Giles W.,	16	159	Schrodt, Michael,	107	146
Potts, Jesse C.,	55	196	Schuyler family,	59	189
Pratt, George W.,	44	152	Schuyler, Gen. Philip,	29	119
Prentice, Ezra P.,	38	106	Schuyler, Samuel,	32	119
Pruyn, John V. L.,	53	196	Schwartz, Rev. D. L.,	102	150
Pruyn, Robert H.,	30	124	Scott-Boyd,	52	172
Pumpelly-Brinckerhoff,	18	166	Sessions, Charles E.,	85	202

	Section	Page		Section	Page
Severence, Matthias J.,	86	202	Ten Eyck, James,	76	209
Seymour, Robert M.,	11	161	Terrell, W. H.,	94	201
Seymour, Rev. Truman,	18	160	Thacher, Ralph W.,	60	210
Shafer, John F.,	28	138	Thacher, George H.,	56	180
Shaw, P. H.,	93	200	Thomas, Jeffrey P.,	38	107
Shear, Jacob H.,	55	196	Thomas, Burton A.,	38	107
Shepherd, Robert,	12	105	Thomas, Rev. Geo. C.,	85	202
Sill, Francis N.,	101	151	Thomas, Mrs. Sarah A.,	80	208
Silliman-Finch,	59	188	Thompson, Dr. R. H.,	53	196
Silliman, Horace B.,	34	112	Thompson, Dr. Alex.,	29	124
Silsby and Long,	16	159	Thomson, Lemon,	41	149
Simcox, James and Joseph,	25	151	Tibbetts, Bleecker,	44	152
Simons, Nathan E.,	28	138	Tillinghast,	16	158
Sisson, N. E.,	13	105	Tompkins Co., Daniel D.,	95	213
Slack, Fred.,	43	151	Towner,	32	119
Slauson,	107	145	Townsend,	45	170
Smith, Benjamin F.,	59	187	Townsend vault,	70	213
Smith, Israel,	55	196	Tows, Francis H.,	31	130
Smith, William C.,	62	182	Treadwell, Geo. C.,	3	94
Snow, Horatio N.,	30	137	Treadwell, John G.,	22	154
Soldiers' plat,	75	203	Tremain, Lyman,	35	111
Soulden, William,	61	187	Tremain, Greenville,	35	111
Southwick, Henry C.,	39	106	Trotter,	59	188
Spalding, Gilbert R.,	62	181	Tucker, Luther,	19	161
Spencer, Ambrose,	45	169	Tucker-Fort,	58	189
Spencer, John C.,	45	169	Turner-Ewing-Jackson,	74	206
Sprague, Rev. William B.,	3	94			
Sprague,		213			
Springsteed, Edward A.,	62	181	VAIL, SAMUEL,	58	188
St. Andrews Society,	26	150	Van Allen, Adam,	18	160
Stanford, Jane Eliza,	18	166	Van Allen, Garret A.,	122	138
Starks, Rev. H. L.,	102	151	Van Alstyne, Thomas J.,	28	142
Steele, Lemuel,	5	97	Van Antwerp,	16	156
Sternbergh, Jacob,	40	148	Van Auker, Henry,	85	202
Stevenson, James,	56	179	Van Benthuyzen,	5	100
Stimpson, A. E.,	11	103	Van Benthuyzen, Jane,	85	202
St. John, A. P.,	59	188	Van Buren, Dr. John,	5	97
Storrs, Eliza H.,	89	200	Van Buren, Martin and John,	62	187
Story, Richard J.,	15	153	Van Derpoel, Isaac,	62	187
Strain, Joseph,	76	210	Vanderpoel, Dr. S. O.,	9	101
Street, Alfred B.,	37	110	Van Derveer, Dr. Albert,	30	137
Stringer, Dr. Samuel,	40	149	Van Dyck, H. H.,	40	148
Strong, William N.,	13	152	Van Rensselaer, Stephen,	14	152
Strong, Anthony M.,	5	98	Van Rensselaer, Richard,	56	180
Strong, Rev. Selah W.,	102	151	Van Rensselaer, Sol.,	56	180
Sturges, Sarah L.,	74	206	Van Rensselaer, Peter,	32	116
Sweet, Elnathan,	107	145	Van Rensselaer, Cortlandt,	40	150
Swinburne, Dr. John,	30	130	Van Santvoord, Alfred,	9	104
			Van Schaick, Jenkins,	42	147
			Van Valkenburgh, J. W.,	30	132
TALCOTT, OLIVIA,	42	148	Van Vechten, Cuyler,	41	150
Talcott, D. W.,	81	208	Van Vechten, Abraham,	36	110
Taylor family,	57	181	Van Vranken, Adam T.,	72	154
Tebbutt, Marshall,	19	165	Van Wormer, Jasper,	35	112
Ten Eyck, Henry James,	18	157	Van Zandt, Charles,	73	206
Ten Eyck-Bleecker,	8	105	Vaughn Brothers,	60	184
Ten Eyck, Leonard G.,	43	150	Viele, Rufus K.,	59	189



	Section	Page		Section	Page
Viele, Maurice E.,	30	125	Westerlo, Rev. Rensselaer,	77	209
Visscher vault,	76	210	Wharton, William A.,	51	171
Vosburgh, Isaac W.,	5	95	Whipple, Squire.	41	146
Vosburgh, John,	40	148	White, Andrew and John G.,	55	196
Vosburgh, Andrew,	69	213	White, Hugh,	35	112
Vosburgh, Francis W.,	32	116	White, Douglas L.,	34	112
			Wiles, Thomas S.,	9	104
WALTER, REV. W. H.,	53	173	Williamson, James,	42	146
Wallace, Matthew,	16	159	Williamson, T. Austin,	75	202
Wallen, Fred. J.,	107	201	Wilson, Joseph B.,	58	192
Walsh, A. H.,	56	179	Wilson, James A.,	31	130
Ward, Dr. Samuel B.,	28	138	Wilson, Geo. B.,	81	208
Warren, Clement,	9	104	Wilson, James,	35	112
Washburn, Stephen F.,	59	189	Wilson, Capt. John,		185
Wasserbach,	95	201	Wiltzie, James A.,	30	132
Wasson, James D.,	5	101	Wing, Albert,	27	137
Waterbury, Edward P.,	70	210	Winslow, John F.,	71	213
Waterman, J.,	81	208	Witbeck, Peter,	59	188
Waterman, Charles F.,	81	208	Witt, Stillman,	5	99
Watson,		153	Wolcott, Thomas V.,	26	146
Watson, William,	58	192	Wood, Bradford R.,	18	165
Way, Thomas P.,	22	154	Wooley, W. T.,	92	200
Weber, Henry,	74	203	Woolett, William L.,	18	165
Weed, Thurlow,	109	140	Woolverton, George A.,	15	152
Weed, William G.,	16	159	Wooster, Benjamin W.,	24	151
Weidman, Daniel,	32	116	Worden, Mrs. J. L., Jr.,	15	153
Welch, Rev. B. T.,	3	96	Worth, Gorham A.,	60	188
Welch, Isaac L.,	74	205	Wyckoff,	8	165
Wemple, Daniel W.	32	116			
Wendell, Peter and John L.,	9	101	YATES, HENRY,	62	182
Wendell, Jacob L.,	85	202	Young, William C.,	55	195
Wendell, Herman,	9	101			
Wendell, Nathan D.,	32	116	ZEISER, JOSEPH B.,	22	156
			Zeller, Ernest,	93	200













APR 78





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